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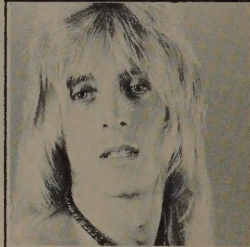
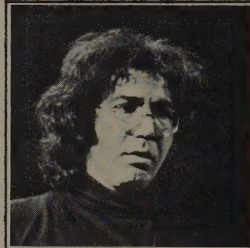
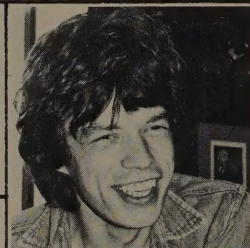
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HIT PARADER is published monthly by Charlton Publications, Inc., Charlton Bldg., Derby, Connecticut, 06418. Entered as Second Class Matter April 24, 1943 at the Post Office at Derby, Conn. under the act of March 3, 1879. Second Class Postage paid at Derby, Conn. ©Copyright 1974 Charlton Publications, Inc. All rights reserved. Printed in the U.S.A. Annual subscription \$7.50, 24 issues \$14.00. Subscription Manager: Ida Cascio. Volume 33, No. 118, May, 1974. Authorized for sale in the U.S., its possessions, territories and Canada only. Members of Audit Bureau of Circulations. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, photos, cartoons and songs. All contributions should be addressed to Editorial Office, Charlton Bldg., Derby, Conn. 06418, and accompanied by stamped self-addressed envelope. NATIONAL ADVERTISING MANAGER: Barry Asch, 529 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017, (212-867-2266); WEST and SOUTHWEST: Alan Lubetkin, 4621 Deseret Drive, Woodland Hills, Calif. 91364, (213-346-7769).

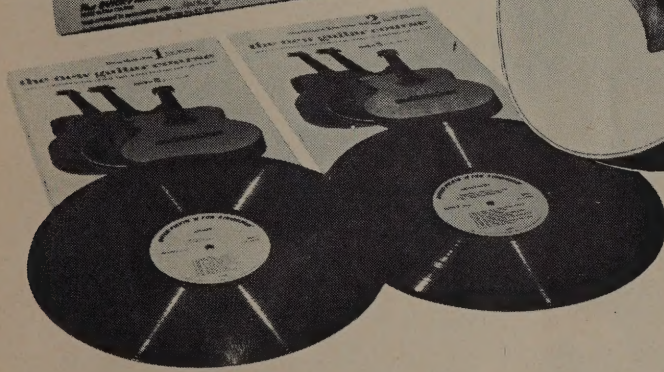
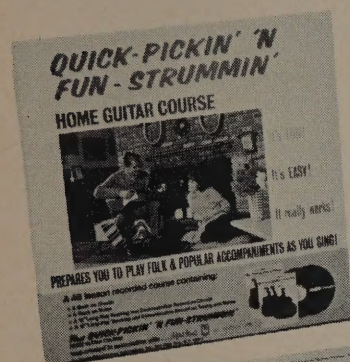
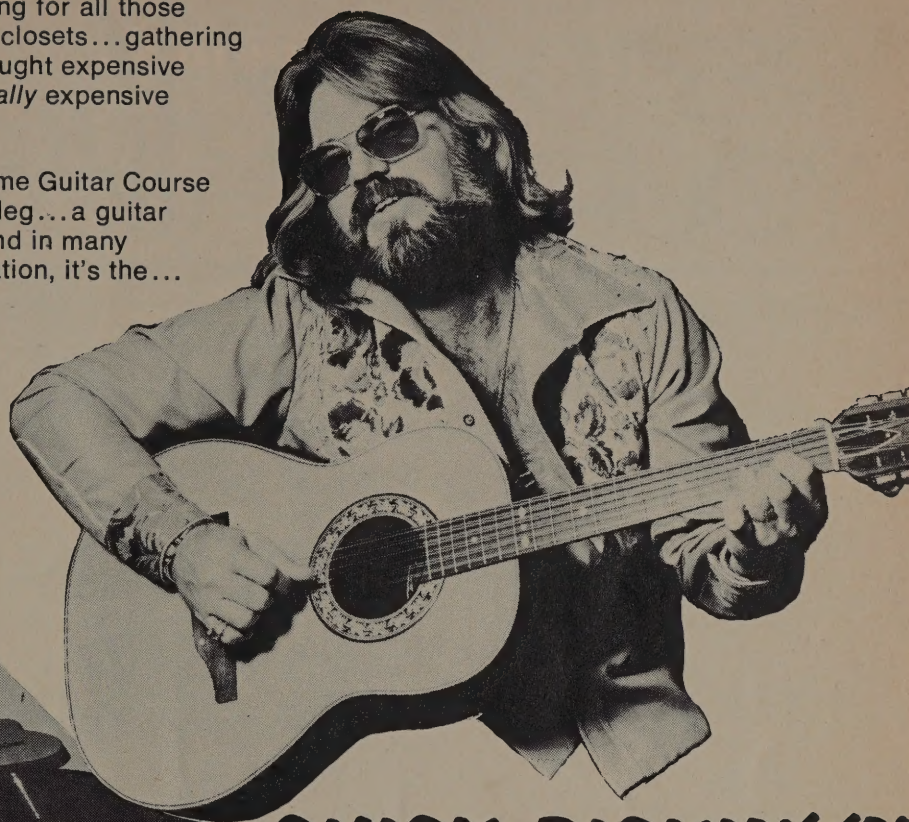


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WE READ YOUR MAIL



Angry Funk Fans

Dear Editor:

I read in your February issue that anyone who thinks Mark Farner is better than Mick Jagger is nuts. I am not nuts! I do think Mark Farner is better than Mick Jagger. So there is only one Mick Jagger but there is only one Mark Farner!!

Grand Funk is my best group and I like Mark, Don, Mel, and Craig better than anybody I ever liked. They have eight gold albums and I think "We're An American Band" is the greatest yet, not only their greatest song, but the nation's greatest. I liked some of the Stones' songs but Grand Funk is still the best with proof: it took the Stones one week to sell out Shea Stadium and Grand Funk three days!!! In the "We're An American Band" album I knew that G.F. was going to have more than one hit off that album and they do "Walk Like A Man" and probably more.

I am another of the millions and millions who class Grand Funk as the best. I'd like more people to recognize Grand Funk and their talent a little more. Other talented artists I like are Elton John, Chicago, Edgar Winter Group, Billy Preston, and Led Zeppelin. I hope Steve O'Donnell of Malvern, Pa. and Steve Pulson of Manitoba, Canada and other Grand Funk fans read this.

A true Grand Funk fan,
Dan Douthitt
Griffith, Indiana

Dear Editor:

Okay! I've been reading and hearing people cutting down Grand Funk Railroad for a long time now, and I think it's about time someone put their foot down and stood up for the guys. Grand Funk is the heaviest rock group to ever emerge in history. They have always done exceptionally well on their music and especially at concerts. One of the main problems is that people just jam on their music and don't really try to get into what Mark, Don, and Mel are trying to tell us. Take, for instance, the "E Pluribus Funk" album which people said was one of Funk's worst.

If they'd listen to the words and try to understand them, like "People Let's Stop The War" and "Loneliness", they'd really understand what the boys are saying. And who was it that made one of the largest contributions to an organization

like Phoenix House? Grand Funk Railroad! That's who! I've always been a Grand Funk fan and will continue to be one as long as they exist and thereafter. Need I say more?

Byron "Checo" Best
Jefferson City, Missouri

Dear Editor:

In your December issue I read a letter about Grand Funk being rubbish. I disagree with everything that Nick Koumbias said about G.F.R. I think they are the greatest hard rock group around today, and I don't think Bowie is that good. It really depends upon the type of music you go for. I happen to go for hard rock and Grand Funk Does it. Bowie's isn't exactly the type that knocks you off your chair. Get into Grand Funk's music and you'll see what I mean. Maybe there are people who like G.F.R. better than Bowie, but that's no good reason to put them down. So keep up the good work. Grand Funk!

Anne
Revere, Massachusetts

In case you hadn't noticed, Hit Parader has a new editorial staff — Ed.

The Family That Plays Together ...

Dear Editor:

I would just like to comment on what I think is the most fantastic group in the world, the Edgar Winter Group. They don't need gimmicks and put on like Alice Cooper and David Bowie. The only time I have seen Edgar made-up was for this fantastic album, "They Only Come Out At Night" and that was only to fit the title. But the music the group puts out is strictly original, unlike Cooper and Bowie. But you got to admit that Cooper and Bowie need something going for them, even if it isn't their music. I just want to say that Edgar and his group have come a long way a lot faster than anyone else and that they have better music than anyone else ANYWHERE!

Sincerely,
Brenda Vaughn
Topeka, Kansas

Dear Editor:

This is in regard to Johnny Winter's comment on Texas. He said quote, "Too

many hassles over there. They don't want any long hairs of hippies out that way. They'd soon as take a stick to your head than look at you. Buncha rednecks out that way." Well, all I can say is that Winter is very wrong. Most of the people here don't mind long hairs at all!

Most people when they hear of Texas think of cowboys and Indians. I don't know where he got the idea we don't want any longhairs out here because half the population out here are long hairs. It is pretty peaceful out here. We are constantly having concerts and all night jam sessions out here without any hassles at all. We all get along well and accept each other whether you be a longhair, cowboy, or whatever. We all get along very well together. Oh sure, there are a few blow-ups between people sometimes but Johnny makes it sound like if you walk inside Texas with long hair you'll be looked down upon and hassled.

We're all one big family here and accept the other person no matter what he may be. And no one looks down upon a longhair here. They just accept us as we accept them. I have to admit Johnny disappointed me a little by putting that stereo-type on Texas. But we dig his music. It's really good and he's a fantastic artist! But, let's lay off the stereotyping!

K.B.
Ft. Worth, Texas

P.S. I know I'm not too good at expressing my thoughts on paper but I tried!

Dear Editor:

I read your magazine and I really enjoyed the recent articles on the two Winter brothers, Edgar and Johnny, because they are from Beaumont, Texas, where I live now. The Chicago article in the Feb. issue is fantastic; I really dig the band. My favorite band hasn't reached a peak in popularity yet, but their latest album should give them a big boost. The band is from Houston, Texas and their popularity is rising constantly. If you've ever heard them in concert you'd really blow your mind.

The leader of the band is one of the finest guitarists I've ever heard and he has a style all his own. They are a three man band and produce some unbelievable sound. They, earlier this summer, headlined a show over the Doobie Brothers, who recently had an article about them in your magazine. The band has the following members: Billy Gib-

(continued on page 49)

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Photo: Joni Watkins



ROCK & ROLL HOTLINE



By Lisa Robinson

When Grateful Dead Records' Ron Rakow was in New York recently, he talked a bit about the band's new sound system. "We'll probably eventually have to play the Garden," he said, referring to Madison Square Garden in New York, despite the usual Dead protestations that they don't want to perform in such huge arenas. "The demand is just getting so great.

"In Boston it was unbelievable, we had to add on an extra show the weekend we were there. But we can make the Garden sound great," he added, "we spent \$455,000 on it, and I know - because I insured it! There are totally separate speakers for the highs, the middle and the bass - literally hundreds of speakers."

He also mentioned that there was a possibility that the Dead would do seven days in Radio City Music Hall; "We want to do something unique when we come back to New York City, and that might be it. But when they do come back, they definitely want to have new material. They won't be back there before May." There are a lot of hungry Dead fans in New York...

The Rolling Stones want to do something unique when they come back to the States too, and according to tour manager Pete Rudge (see story this issue) they might perform at MGM's Grand Hotel in Las Vegas next year ... Rudge said that they almost certainly would be coming here sometime this year, and most likely the movie of their most recent U.S. tour should be out around now ... The Jackson Five are performing in that Grand Hotel in April ... Jermaine Jackson recently married Hazel Joy Gordy, daughter of Motown czar Berry Gordy, Jr....

... Various rock artists have been taking advantage of film and television more than ever before lately. Alice Cooper filmed a 3 minute segment for Britain's TV show "Top of the Pops"; he and the band "escaped" from a jail in Manhattan, being chased through the streets by six girls dressed as Keystone Cops. All to the strains of "Teenage Lament" ... They raced to the Fillmore East where they got up onstage (free at last) and performed the single...

Mick Ronson, former David Bowie guitarist and about to go on his own (see story this issue), spent an evening on Tenth Avenue and 48th Street in New York; not one of your high rent districts, filming a TV ad for his lp "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue". The shots will also be used on his lp cover...



The Divine Miss M, Bette Midler, returned to New York for three weeks at the Palace Theater on Broadway. "Whose idea was it to play this dump?" she cracked on opening night. There was much hysteria, much excitement. For Miss M, the last stop of an exhausting three month tour.

Tennis champ Billie Jean King showed up at an Edgar Winter concert during his most recent tour. It was in Baltimore and the lady confessed that she's a big rock fan and "Free Ride" is one of her favorite songs ... Joining Edgar on that tour was guitarist and solo artist Rick Derringer, who is about to help Edgar write new material for his upcoming single. When their tour was through, it was back into the studio for Derringer, who produced Johnny Winter's "Saints and Sinners" lp. Johnny sticks close to his rock and roll roots on this album; cuts include "Thirty Days", "There's a Riot Goin On", and "Boni Maroni" ... The tour that Johnny's just about to finish up has special lighting effects created by Teddy Slatus; rather than using any special effects, he's just used spotlights so all you can see is Johnny...

Alvin Lee has formed his own production company in England so that the records he's done with old friends like Mylon, Allen Toussaint and Felix Pappalardi can be released, recorded and so forth from there. "We've got all the facilities here," he said, "so there's no excuse for me not to do something amazing." However - he warns that Ten Years After is *not* splitting up - in fact they'll be back in the states in May for a four to five week tour, with the prestigious firm of Premier Talent booking...

Rick Wakeman's January 18th London concert without the other members of YES does not mean that that band is splitting up either; they'll be here soon, in February. The concert, by the way, was recorded for a live solo album, Rick's follow-up to "Six Wives of Henry VIII". The new one will be titled "Journey to the Center of the Earth", based on the Jules Verne novel...

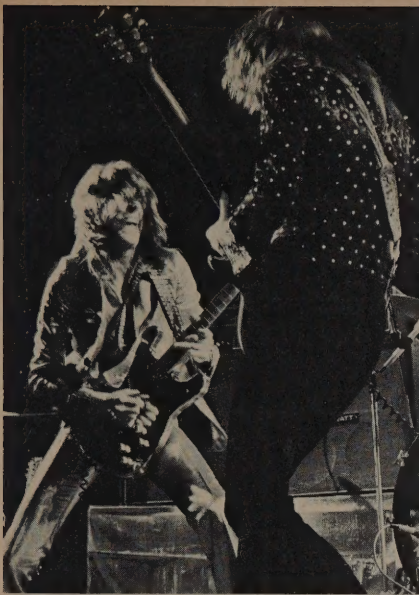
All the Faces gigs in L.A. and others were recorded for the next album ... When Three Dog Night performed last at



The J. Geils' band receives gold lps after their Madison Square Garden concert. Joining the bad boys from Boston are Mario Medious ("The Big M") (left), and Atlantic Records' Jerry Wexler (right).



Neil Bogart has announced the formation of his very own "Casablanca" record label, to be distributed by Warners. Congrats Neil - now, like Rick you've got a job to do



Foghat ... on the road again. Soon.



At far left is Rick Derringer when he was one of the McCoys. Rick is currently completely involved with rock and roll music; both his own, and Johnny and Edgar Winter - who he produces.



British fave David Essen and Ringo Starr in "That'll be the Day" - a sort of British version of "American Graffiti"

the L.A. Forum, they went through about six costume changes, and wigs for one song...The organist's boots cost \$500, and it would seem that they're trying to change their image again...

When Cat Stevens broke a guitar string in the middle of a song during his special TV show of "In Concert", the audience applauded during the entire time that it took him to replace it ... When Mick Ronson broke a string during Bowie's "Midnight Special", it most definitely looked like an embarrassing mistake ... Helen Reddy has been named Artist of the Year on Jukeboxes...

Foghat has been touring all across the country like mad again. Their fall tour

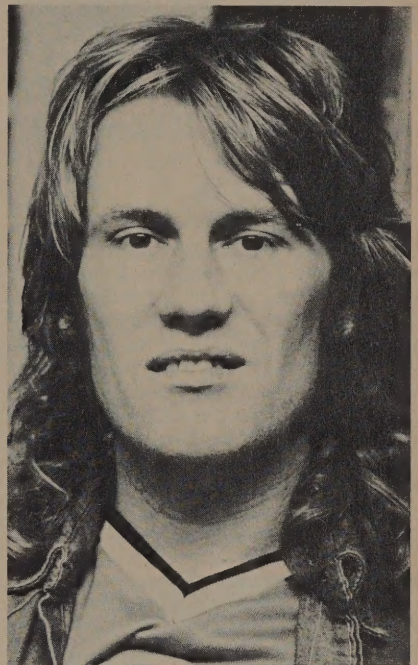


Poet Patti Smith has been performing her special songs and stories in such places as Maz's Kansas City, Reno Sweeney's, and the West End bar in New York City. Often backed by musician writer Lenny Kaye, Patti remains one of the new compelling poet - performers.



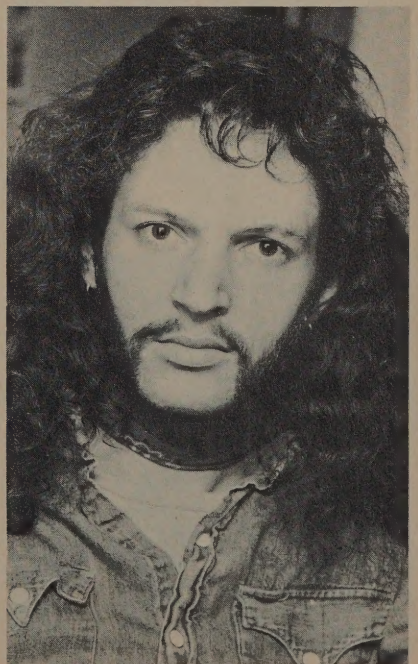
Howard Stein received the Keys to the city of Miami when he went there to launch ELP's recent US tour. The one in the middle is representing Mayor Jack Orr. Howard, looking tan, is at the left.

started in November and lasted well into the holiday season. Their next lp will be released in January, to be titled "Energized". The songs were mostly written by guitarist Rod Price and Lonesome Dave Peverett, with the obvious exceptions of "That'll Be The Day" and "Honey Hush". Songs include "Step Outside", "Fly By Night", "Wild Cherry", and "Nothin' I Won't Do" ... After a brief return to their native England, the hardest working band in the music business will return to the U.S.A. for another tour in March; this time they'll headline at a lot more dates ... "We're a rock and roll band" says Roger Earl, and they're not kidding...



Neil Jones

Alvin Lee ... and



Neil Jones

... Mylon - together on "On the Road to Freedom"

MEDIA

By Lisa Robinson

DYLAN TOUR UNDERWAY, LPS TO BE RELEASED, ASHES AND SAND RECORDS FORMED

Well, by now the Tour of the Year is underway, and if you were one of the ones who sent in a certified check or money order in time - you might be part of it. Bob Dylan, who hasn't officially toured in eight years, is back on the road again with The Band. (Dylan has performed at the Academy of Music in New York with the band, helped out George Harrison during the Bangla Desh concert, and sang in a memorial concert for Woody Guthrie, but that's been it in all this time.)

Coinciding with the tour will be the release of an lp recorded by Dylan and The Band in Los Angeles late last year. Containing ten new songs, the album is being released on the newly formed Ashes and Sand Records - Dylan's own label to be distributed by Elektra/Asylum Records. A live lp to come from the current tour is expected on Ashes and Sand Records as well. There has been no word as yet as to whether or not Dylan - or The Band, will continue to record in the future for the label, although it was indicated that other artists would be sought out to release albums under the Ashes and Sand aegis.

In what might have been considered the statement of the year, Elektra/Asylum Records President David Geffen said, "It is an honor for Elek-



Bob Dylan, 1963. Newport Folk Festival

Photo by Dave Gahr

tra/Asylum Records to be associated with Bob Dylan who is, without question, this generation's most significant artist."

The album was reported as far back as early December to already have been shipped gold, making it Bob Dylan's 14th gold album.

You can catch Dylan in your town - unless it's like New York where you had to send a certified check or money order and the seats are sold out by now - January 15th, 16th - Washington, D.C.,

17th-Charlotte, North Carolina, 19th-Miami, Fla., 21st-22nd-Atlanta, 23rd-Memphis, 25th-Fort Worth, 26th-Houston, 28th and 29th-Nassau Coliseum, New York, and the 30th and 31st-Madison Square Garden. In February it's Dayton on the 1st, then 2nd-South Bend, 3rd-Bloomington, Indiana; 4th-St. Louis, 6th-Denver, 9th-Seattle, 11th-Oakland, 13th and 14th-Los Angeles. It's gonna be real interesting to see how this tour does....

Photos by Richard Creamer



John Lennon saw his friend Alice in L.A. ...



... and Harry ...



... and radio's ELLIOT MINTZ, who made him laugh.

MAGGIE BELL: QUEEN OF THE NIGHT

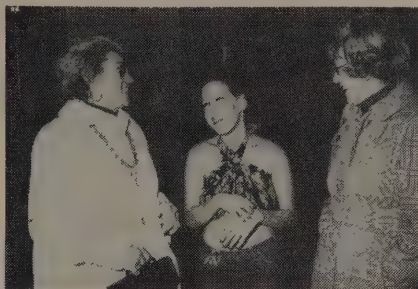
perhaps other artists would be under its (as yet unnamed) aegis. Maggie and Zeppelin are both expertly managed by Peter Grant, so it's all in the family.....

MEDIA



Maggie Bell

Neal Preston



Bette Midler met the Andrews Sisters



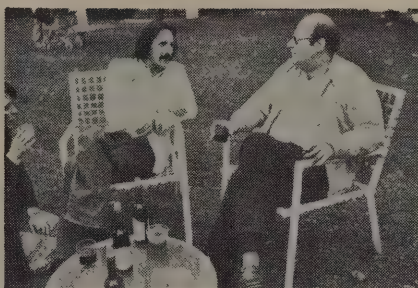
... with Jerry Wexler

You're going to be hearing a lot about Maggie Bell, especially from me. I really think she's one of the finest talents around; an amazing woman who's got just a genius voice and the ability to rock in a way that many have forgotten about. She's on her own now, having left Stone the Crows in England last year, and she'll be coming to the States soon - following the release of her album. Most of that album was recorded in New York's Atlantic Studios under the careful guidance of Jerry Wexler.

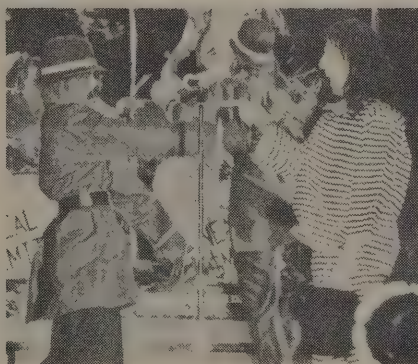
Backed by such respected studio musicians as Cornell Dupree, Hughie McCracken, and Chuck Rainey, Maggie did a variety of songs - so many of them that all may not be included on the final album. Among them are "Queen of the Night" (which she told me in November might be the title of the album), "Oh My My" (was on Ringo's album too), "A Woman Left Lonely", and a Peter Allen song, "We Had It All".

"Jerry Wexler taught me so much, really," Maggie said when we talked in England. "He is so professional that man, it's his experience, do you know what I mean? He's just got such a great way of handling people and handling artists, it was just like always learning. It's really incredible what I learned from the man," she continued, "just ways to substitute some words for other words and phrasing, things like that."

As the anticipation grows over her forthcoming album and tour, so do the rumors that Maggie will be a part of a record label formed in England by Led Zeppelin. To be distributed by Atlantic Records, Zeppelin and Maggie and



... and Nat Weiss and Earl McGrath discuss music business and things at Steve Paul's country estate.



Bob Gruen

Alice Cooper cracks up on the stage of the Fillmore East as a lady dressed as a Keystone cop attempts to stop him from singing "Teenage Lament". The occasion was the filming of a British TV show spot for "Top of the Pops", where Alice escapes from jail, gets chased through the New York City streets, and finally is free at the Fillmore. Oh, vaudeville ...



Terry Knight, with his wife Pia. Knight is embarking on a nationwide tour of colleges to further his Enercology concept.



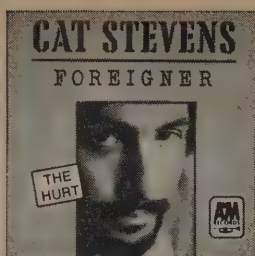
Stacia was one of the main attractions at the Hawkwind concert.



Stevie Wonder at the Planetarium when Hawkwind gave a party following their New York debut at the Academy.



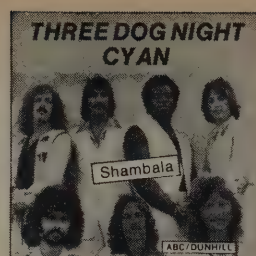
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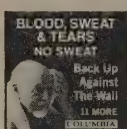
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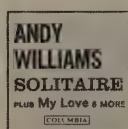
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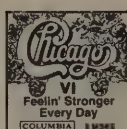
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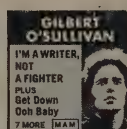
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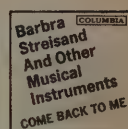
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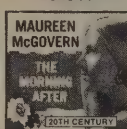
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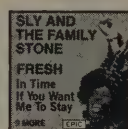
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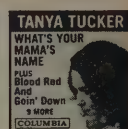
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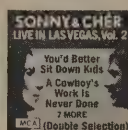
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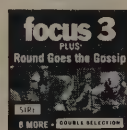
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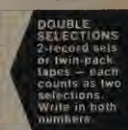
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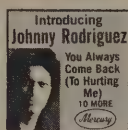
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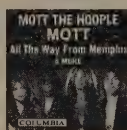
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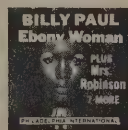
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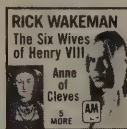
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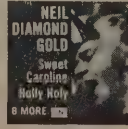
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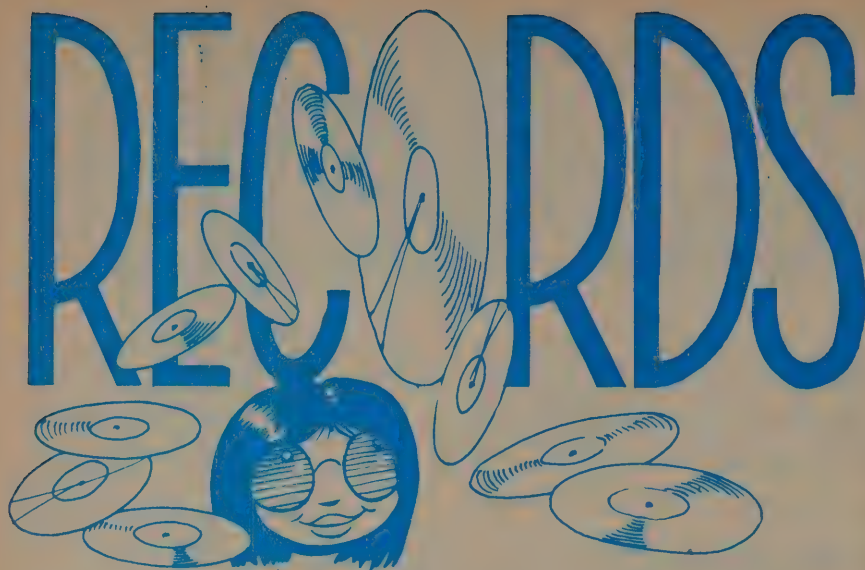
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**PRESERVATION ACT
1/THE KINKS (RCA
LPL 1-5002)**



The latest Kinks' album, "Preservation Act 1", is clever, brilliant, rock and roll, melodic, swoony, and any number of other things. It's hit material, it's as good as any song Ray Davies has ever written. Every song has its own particular charm, ranging from hot blasts of rock to terribly reserved British humor. Thanks, Ray.

Here comes yet another day and as the sun rises over the neatly swept streets of comfortable Londontown, we hear the dulcet tones of one Raymond Douglas Davies. In his intensely poetic way he tells us of the virtues of the land that surrounds him. The Village Green (where we've been with him before), the hills and the valleys of the glory that was England. It's a look of melancholy love he gives us. England with all those lovely spinsters dreaming of a date with Roger Moore or Steve McQueen, home where all those health fanatics go to their attics and train for the Empire Games. Where schoolboys dream of Captain Scarlett, battleships and aeroplanes.

And even more personally, the England where can live a lady by the name of Genevieve, sweet lady Genevieve, to love as adults love each other. But all is not well in sugarplum land. No, we must remember the England of the class system, of the government running the media, of unions pitted against their political counterparts, of

gray dingy streets filling with the incessant winter rain. Hmmm. "There's a Change in the Weather" Mr. Davies thinks. Maybe it's just that we were all young once.

Yes, that may be it. For where have all the swinging Londoners gone? Where are Ossie Clark and Mary Quant, Mr. Fish and Mr. Chow? Ah, gone with our youth. Goffe with the golden age that for so many of us was the 1960's. But, as Ray points out, "rock and roll still lives on". Whether it can ever be the same, Ray doesn't say.

Side One ends with "One of the Survivors" where Davies takes a look at the Fifties fans who are still around. He calls his character Johnny Thunder, astride his motorbike, rock and roll songs from the 1950's buzzing in his brain. It's a kind look that Ray is giving, but still we can't help but wonder what all of us Sixties survivors are going to look like to all those kids who survive the Seventies.

Well, the answer may come, let's think about it as we turn over the record. First on Side Two is "Cricket", all about what life really is. In other words, watch out for the Demon Bowler. "Money and Corruption / I Am Your Man" follows. Ray takes one of those looks filled with nostalgia for the time that must have been when it wasn't so. "Here Comes Flash" follows, two cuts that step on each other's heels, telling you what your life is really like, really, and for that matter, Ray's life too.

Ray suggests "Sitting In The Middyay Sun" (definitely, with a bit of editing, the single). Doin nothin. Spending your days the way you find them. But even this they're tearing down as the album ends with "Demolition". Tearing down the comfortable memories of the past to make way for the plastic capsules we're going to find ourselves in tomorrow. "Nothing's permanent, nothing lasts," Ray mourns in his tragi-comic voice.

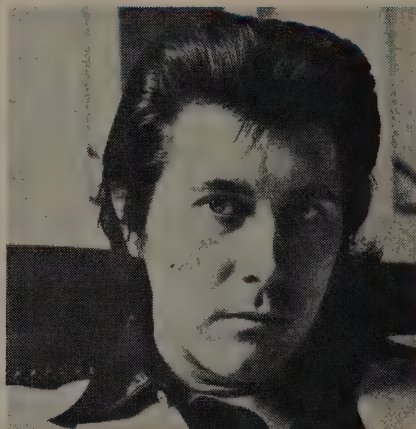
Well, I'll tell you one thing, Ray Davies is going to last. He is our Oscar Wilde, our Noel Coward. You can't help but love him for what he is. Course he's also a star, but he was born to be a star and he'll have to contend with his fate.

Richard Robinson

(Any Raymond Douglas Davies lones floating through this review are Copyright 1973 (c) Davray Music Ltd.)

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**BRYAN FERRY /
THESE FOOLISH
THINGS (Island ILPS
9249)**



When- and if, you talk of a new elegance, you should mention Bryan Ferry in the very next breath. Looking like a young Dirk Bogarde, Bryan could conceivably be lounging around one of those slightly seedy upper class British seaside resorts, dressed in his white suit, cigaret dangling from his lips, looking for a rich older woman. He's that special fusion of touch of evil cabaret performer plus rock and roller. Definitely a man to watch. Closely.

When I first heard the opening bars of this lp I thought Oh my God, now he's done it, could it really be possible? Well - he did. A rock and roll version of "Hard Rain's Gonna Fall" that is the most sensational cut I've heard on any piece of vinyl this year. Obviously lots of others thought so too - for while as of this writing Bryan's lp has not been released in the States, it zoomed up to Top Five on the British charts within weeks of its release. When Bryan performed the number on "Top of the Pops" he had his female background singers wearing white slickers and rainhats, and in those oh-so-tuff voices did "Hard ... Hard ... Hard" ... I wonder if Bob Dylan has been as amused and/or entertained by this cut as us Ferry fans. (I'm sure he hasn't refused the royalties.)

Bryan's spooky sexy voice is divine throughout this album of weird "oldies"; conceived and recorded before Bowie did pin-ups ... Standards from the sixties like "Please Don't Ever Change", "Piece of My Heart", "I Love How You Love Me" and more, are all done with the love, affection and humor that they deserve.

Backed by musicians that include Bryan's Roxy Music mates Phil Manzanera on guitar, Paul Thompson on drum, and Andy Mackay on saxophone (but the presence of the formidable Eno and his electronic effects is noticeably absent; he having left Roxy and the rumours being that he and Bryan were Not Speaking ... Capital N. capital S ...),

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Bryan is consistent in his good taste when it comes to picking songs.

Elvis gets the treatment in "You're So Square", good echo on Bryan's voice, hot-cha rock and roll, and as is the case with nearly every cut, lots of fun. "It's My Party" - he's done the original girl's lyrics - now *that's* fabulous. "Tracks of My Tears" and "Don't Worry Baby" pit Bryan against some stiff competition, but that's not the point, and certainly not the way to view the lp. "Sympathy For the Devil" is a hoot, perfect for Bryan's voice, actually. It definitely puts Blood, Sweat and Tears' version to shame ...

This album may not be available in the U.S.A. still-as Warners dropped Roxy Music before they really had a chance, and so far no one's been smart enough to scoop up Mr. Ferry - who could be one of the major entertainers of this decade. But check out import shops - it's well worth it.

Lisa Robinson

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LADIES INVITED/THE J. GEILS' BAND (Atlantic SD-7286)



There's something magical about the J. Geils' Band's music, it has a sort of bounce to it, not exactly boogie, not exactly rock'n'roll, but a feel that makes you want to shake your fanny. That's very nice, and on their most recent album, "Ladies Invited", the band gives you a lot of it. But whatever the virtues of this lp, the time has come when J. Geils has just got to show us more. I love this album, it's a big album that would be just right for a big party. But what else can Peter Wolf, Seth Justman, J. Geils, Magic Dick, Danny Klein, and Stephen Jo Bladd do?

Now that's a problem. They've proved they can out pickett Wilson Pickett. They can out covay Don Covay. They can out burke Soloman Burke. And they're get-

ting close to Otis at times. (The first album done in Memphis will show that...) And that should be enough. It certainly is for the J. Geils fans who buy out stadiums all across the country to wiggle it all out with the boys.

Me, I'm writing a review. And I've known Peter Wolf for a long, long time. And I know that that boy can be pretty snappy when he wants to. They're doing everything so right now that we expect some new flash from them. And, with Peter leading the way, that shouldn't be hard ... The question is, when? The steadily growing number of J. Geils maevens have no doubt gobbled this album up. But next time out, let's have the meat done another way? Those (you'll pardon the expression) dudes struttin' on the back of the album cover have a lot more to say than this. So I, for one, want them to know I'm ready to listen.

Richard Robinson

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BOB DYLAN DYLAN Columbia PC 32747



Bob Dylan with Sonny and Cher in 1968...

When Dylan's "Self Portrait" came out, I was disappointed in the negative reaction of much of the press. It might have been one of the rare instances where negative reviews actually discouraged people from buying an album. To me, it was a perfectly valid work of a great artist and therefore containing enough greatness to make it worth what it cost. This album consists mainly of out-takes from Dylan recording sessions over the last few years although it does include the hit single "A Fool Such As I." Records of out-takes can be good as the Rolling Stones "Flowers" dramatically illustrates, and "Dylan," to the Dylan fan is a joy simply because it gives more of what we liked already.

"Mr. Bojangles," for instance is sung in a rough "New Morning" voice and is one of the finest renditions of the song ever. "Can't Help Falling In Love," sounds like parts of "Self Portrait," and may offend those who don't like Dylan's crooning voice - but I love it. "The Ballad Of Ira Hayes," is sung/talked in the same voice as "Three Angels" on "New Morning," and once again, if you like Dylan, you'll probably love it - if you don't - ?

"Spanish Is The Loving Tongue," was originally the B side of "Watching The River Flow," and a vastly underrated gem of a love song. Those who say that Dylan

has lost his depth should listen to this one. "Big Yellow Taxi," Joni Mitchell's ecology song has never been a favorite of mine and its charms continue to elude me - but Dylan does a good rough moaning version of it. "Sarah Jane" is an upbeat Dylan original that didn't make much of an impact on me on first hearing, but "Lily Of The West," is a good rollicking western ballad that combines a "John Wesley Harding" feel with some background vocals.

There are some who say that Dylan reached his peak with "A Hard Rain's A Gonna Fall," and there are some who say that after "Blond On Blond," or "John Wesley Harding" he was never the same. I suppose he never will be the same but I like what he's doing right now quite a bit and if you have liked Dylan in the past you may get as much pleasure from this album as I do. If you've heard "A Fool Such As I" on the radio and like it enough to spend a dollar on, you might as well spring for this album and get the rest of the songs as well. Dylan isn't trying to write great "insights" or hard rock and roll anymore. But I like his voice, his mind and his musical sensibility - and if you do too, don't be dissuaded from hearing "Dylan," by non-fans. The album cover however is *not* attractive.

Daniel Goldberg

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BAND ON THE RUN/ PAUL McCARTNEY & WINGS (Apple SO- 3415)



Is this really Paul's sixth album?? Actually, I think I've pretty much liked most of his lps - usually I've played them non-stop for about a week, taken with the catchy melodies ... but then they're filed, and not returned to the turntable, ever. I don't know what will happen with this one, but so far it sounds pretty good. Someone once said that Gilbert O'Sullivan was writing the songs that McCartney wanted to do - but this album is filled with enough lovely sounding songs, as well as some rockers, so that all the facets of Paul's ego seem to have been covered.

"Band on the Run" begins with just a bit too much of that pissy sounding melody ... but then turns out okay, I like the way the tempos change within the songs as well as all the varieties of moods he gives us throughout the entire album. Is it my imagination or does "Jet" sound a bit like the Dolls' "Trash"? But the whole song is so well produced, good har-

RECORDS

monies, use of strings, etc. that all comparisons have to end there. "Bluebird" just misses being saccharine-sweet, it's one of those lush McCartney ballads that he can get away with, just don't pay too much attention to the words. (Although he has avoided alot of that "bipbipbop" stuff of former lps ...) It's kind of cute that he indulges himself in this sort of love-struck lyric every now and then as long as the music stands up ...

"Mrs. Vanderbilt" sounds an awful lot like the "Song of the Volga Boatman" to me, but it's a fun romp - like one of those Communist Party rally songs of the 1930's ... interspersed with a nice saxophone solo and some (dare I say it?) Beatle-type harmonies. "Let Me Roll It" is a sexy, gospelly song - the echo on Paul's voice even sounded good on my lousy speakers. "Mamunia" is cute - there seems to be a lot of emphasis on the fact that it was recorded in Nigeria. Nonetheless, it's a pleasant song ... Actually, I really can't understand all of the information promoted about Paul, Linda, and Denny's travels - on the back of the lp cover, in the Ms.'s photos ... now come on, you *really* don't believe they travel *economy* class, do you??

"Helen Wheels" is just one of the great singles, period. "Drink To Me" (now how do they know those were Picasso's last words?) starts out with Linda sounding very Tammy Wynette, and while I could live without the campy cabaret French mumbling in the background, I like the switch to the cha-cha and strings and back to flashes of "Jet" and then back to the built up "Drink To Me" again. While I don't understand the current obsession with the coming generation, I like "1985" a lot better than Bowie's "1984"; it's a good funky love song minus pretentious philosophical predictions. I think.

"Band On The Run" *might* border on the mediocre to some at first, but it grows on you. The production is terrific, you're not over conscious of the overdubbing, and there are a lot of songs on the album that show the boy's still got talent.

Lisa Robinson

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ALICE COOPER "MUSCLE OF LOVE" Warner Bros. BS 2748



Alice is never going to make a *bad* record simply because his producers, Jack Richardson and Jack Douglas are too smart to release something that doesn't sound at least pretty good with the same commercial rock and roll sound that has kept Alice's records selling during the last few years.

However let's face it, when was the last time you had a discussion with somebody about Alice's *music*?? The main advance word on this album was a photo of Alice, Liza Minelli and Ronnie Spector singing on the "Teenage Lament" track and good as the photo was let me tell you I don't think I'd have recognized Liza's voice without the album credit.

The other pseudo event regarding this album is its title-provocatively suggestive but not censorable; just controversial enough to plant the album's existence in the mind of all of us. Alice has coyly suggested that "a muscle of love is the heart." Anyway, to me the album, on first listening doesn't have the brilliance of "Love It To Death," "Killer," and even "School's Out," but maybe it just gets harder and harder to listen seriously to Alice's albums as "music," because of the great emphasis he has put on getting his picture taken everywhere with "celebrities."

And as always with an Alice album the question arises who *are* Michael Bruce, Glen Buxton, Neal Smith and Dennis Dunaway anyway? And why don't *they* ever get *their* pictures taken with celebrities?

Alice is good for rock and roll and for show business. He is what he is; but he's not what he's not. What he might be only Alice knows. All I know is that when I first heard "Love It To Death," I couldn't stop playing it for a week and when I first heard "Muscle Of Love," I had trouble sustaining my interest for the whole album — good as the songs and music are. Maybe it will grow on me and I'll change my mind. Maybe I'm getting old. But maybe Alice is; in which case he should move on to his beloved television at last.

Daniel Goldberg

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The Wild, The Innocent and the E Street Shuffle Bruce Springsteen (Columbia KC 32432)



Catching a star in the act of rising is usually a matter of right-time-and-place luck, and so I can't really say it was foresight that drew me to Monmouth College near the Jersey shore one crystal spring Sunday a couple of years ago. Actually, I'd originally taken the ride to lend moral support to the opening band on the bill, Tracks (one of whose members would later progress to Looking Glass and "Brandy"), but decided to stay on when it was advised that a bunch of highly touted local favorites called Child would soon be taking the stage.

It was a comet-crossed moment. The crowd, drowsy and laconic all day, literally charged the stage when Child made it's entrance. Led by a neanderthal guitar player who sunk back on his heels, closed his eyes, and hunched into his music in a way that magnetically riveted all available attention, the group was astonishingly mobile and self-possessed.

Child, unfortunately, was managed by a surf-board king named Tinker who never seemed able to get them off the ground, despite an abortive trip to the coast and a name change to Steel Mill.

The scene switches to Max's Kansas City, several months later, and the debut of a new solo performer named Bruce Springsteen. Wondering if it just might be the very same, I head down to Park Ave. So., a taste of in-person checking in the wind, at which time I am surprised to find that not only are both Springsteens the same, but that their musical styles are nearly entirely different. Where one was a hard-core rocker, sensual and inspired, this new Springsteen is an acoustic folkie with obvious references to pre-*Subterranean* Homesick Dylan. More, when he sits himself at the piano, he is instantly transformed into Van Morrison, a fact whose calculation not only makes me feel uncomfortable but almost betrayed. "You can fool some of the people some of the time ..."

Columbia, who eventually won the bidding for Springsteen's services, seemed delighted with their new acquisition, however, and with the release of his first album, *Greetings From Asbury Park*, appeared intent on putting him over the top as an incandescent cult hero.

The Wild, The Innocent and the E Street Shuffle, his second album, is a step in a better direction, the past few months giving Springsteen the commitment and artistic security to tighten his vision. Backed by a strong assembled band (of which "Mad Dog" Lopez certainly bears resemblance to that Monmouth College day), his writing is now not so much verbal paroxysm as definitive image. Springsteen is at his best when writing of the faded bungalow elegance of his seaside environment, its circusi and city-bred street scenes. "4th of July, Asbury Park (Sandy)" might thus be his closest attempt at a full-blown classic, and though it (like many of the album's other songs) walks a thin line between melodrama and tense emotionalism (a wildly energetic title tune and the soulful "New York City Serenade"), it has to be said that he pulls off his hat trick the major portion of the time.

Lenny Kaye

THE BEATLES: 10 Years On

1964 - 1974

"I declare that John Lennon, George Harrison, Paul McCartney, and Ringo Starr are mutants. Evolutionary agents sent by God, endowed with mysterious powers to create a new human species."

— Timothy Leary
in "The Beatles Book"
(Cowles Books, 1968)



Ten years ago this month of February the hysteria was just starting. The rumblings from England about this super pop band took black and white form as 79,000,000 people across America tuned in The Ed Sullivan Show to find out what "The Beatles" was all about. On February 7th and again on the 21st they found out. The screaming audience that Sullivan tried to calm down from his cigar store indian pose spread from tv set to tv set, radio to radio, concert hall to concert hall.

The Beatles were an electric shock, a sign that life wasn't always going to be 1950 or even 1960. It was going to be exciting, we were all going to get turned on, and to make it happen you just had to go get a Beatles record and put it on your turntable.

Although 1964 was the year of Beatlemania here in the U.S. their history stretches back years before that fateful February. They'd even made a tv appearance here prior to Sullivan,

"Thank Your Lucky Stars" on ABC. But in 64 they were right for the times and the times were right for them. Just as in the 50's when the one-two rhythms of rock and roll were an expression of the life style, so the straining high pitched voices of John, Paul, George, and Ringo was a perfect match for what we all felt. Especially if we were well under 21 and ready to accept anything that mom and dad didn't like. And mom and dad sure didn't like those Beatles, long haired fiends from across the water, come to take their daughters away.

The story of the Beatles is the story of their records in a way. For each of their singles, and later each of their albums, was a statement you either got behind or found ... well, that you just couldn't understand the words.

The first Beatles single was "Love Me Do". Released in England on the 5th of October 1962 and destined to be the only single they ever released that didn't go to number one. It stopped at 17 on the

charts held from going any further by such memorable titles as "What Now, My Love?" by Shirley Bassey, "Because Of Love" by Billy Fury, and "Bobby's Girl" by Susan Maughan. What, who?

By January of 1963 the boys were in better shape, beginning a seemingly endless string of number one records in England that were mirrored with the same success in America once they were released here. "Please Please Me" — January 1963; "From Me To You" — April 1963; "She Loves You" — August 1963; "I Want To Hold Your Hand" — November 1963; "Can't Buy Me Love" — March 1964.

But despite the hit records it was television that really sold The Beatles to America. The Ed Sullivan Shows, the news footage of runaway crowds at airports, the awesome film experiences of the band filling Shea Stadium. And it was the chance to group together with tens of thousands of others into a throbbing mob that just shot out steam and screams as



four little dots came unto the stage and the police tightened their ranks.

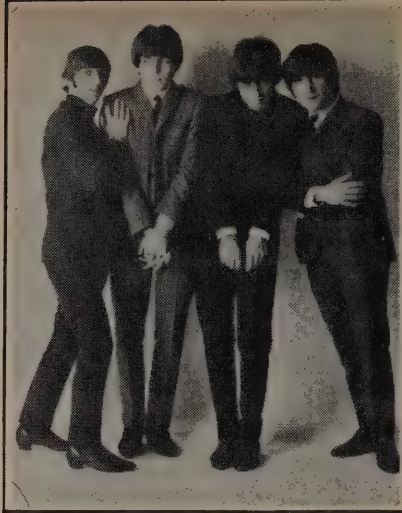
By the end of their first year of success, The Beatles had turned the record business into a box office bonanza, with companies tripping over each other to sign a) any other group from Liverpool; or, failing that b) any other young British band that had long hair and looked scruffy; or, failing that c) anything that was male, owned a guitar, and had a British accent.

That first year of Beatles success is still amazing. They became the first group to have a record become a million seller before it was released. They sold over 30 million records in the U.S. in their first 15 months of stardom. It went on and on...

It began in Liverpool. A town that had, at the time, a population of some 300 rock and roll bands, "Beat Groups" as they were called. How the boys suffered and starved, went to Hamburg on a tramp steamer to starve some more, lost two members and found Ringo, got discovered by Brian Epstein, became rich and famous ... all that's been told before.

How America became a nation of Beatle wigs, buttons, sweatshirts, hair spray ... even Beatlenut ice cream ... how we took off our coon skin Davey Crockett hats to show our long hair ... all that is the story of the Beatles which has reached legendary proportions.

In the middle of all that were four



young men from the industrial city of Liverpool. Half forgotten because we were so busy dreaming about what we thought they were, what they meant to us.

The four of them.

John Lennon: Chief Beatle. "If we've got to have a leader I guess I'm him."

John Lennon: Commentator on the world scene. "Politics? They have no message for me, nor for any of us. I haven't got much time for politicians. I've never bothered to vote. The Bomb? Nuclear disarmament? Well, like everyone else, I don't want to end up a festering heap, but I don't stay up nights worrying. I'm preoccupied with life, not death."

Paul McCartney: Living as the alter-ego to John. "I guess it was pure chance that I met John. You see my mother was a district nurse, until she died when I was 14, and we used to move from time to time because of her work. One move brought me into contact with John."

Paul McCartney: Left handed basses, fame, and fortune. "You know, when you're about 11, you start to think about what's going to happen to you. I've often thought about it. My plan was to go on playing the clubs until I reached 25 — a ripe old age — and then go to John's Art College and hang on there for a couple of years. I never dreamt about being discovered or anything like that. I always thought discovery was something you read about."



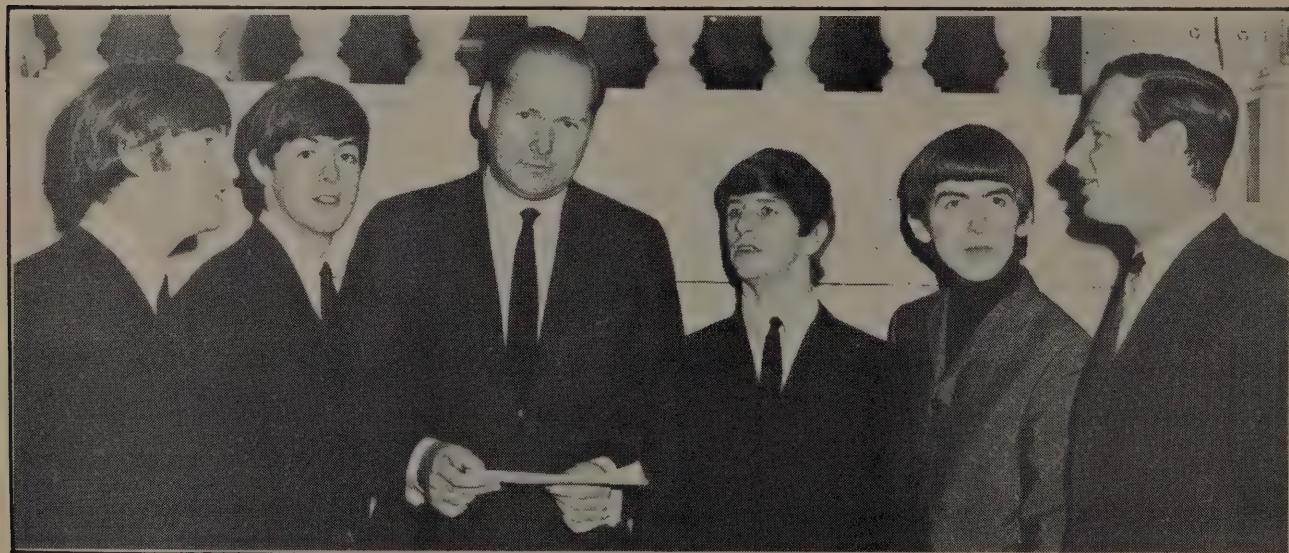
George Harrison: Always quiet, soon to be mystical, but really just a regular guy. "I like parties and a bit of fun like anyone else, but there's nothing better, for me, than a bit of peace and quiet. Sitting around a big fire with your slippers on and watching the telly. That's the life!"

George Harrison: Leaving school to become an apprentice electrician. "I had to stop trying to be an electrician because I kept blowing everything up."

Ringo Starr: The shy one. "I'm not interested in living it up. All the money is invested. I don't even know how much it is. I don't take much out — just for clothes, a few cigarettes. When it ends — well, we've been skint before. But I'd like to have enough to do something — well, something with me hands. I've always loved basketwork, or pottery. Shaping something, making something. Being able to say, 'I did that'."

Ringo: Who doesn't go out very much. "I've got records to listen to — everything from rhythm and blues to country western style — and fan mail to answer."

The four of them, slowly wending their way from one hit to another — "Ticket To Ride" (1965), "Help!" (1965), "Paperback Writer" (1966) — until it was Sargent Pepper time. The first album to be an album, a complete work, with a flow to it that smacked of little druggies in the night and a whole new consciousness for those who understood it.



1965: David Picker, vice-president of United Artists photographed with The Beatles and Brian Epstein, their manager: (L to R: John Lennon, Paul McCartney, David Picker, Ringo Starr, George Harrison and Brian Epstein).

The Beatles have given us so many different things to remember, so many little events that key-off our own memories of life in the Sixties: The Star Club and The Cavern, Cynthia Lennon, George Martin, Julian Lennon, Juke Box Jury, A Hard Day's Night, In His Own Write, Maureen, M.B.E.'s, Help!, Zak, Shindig, How I Won The War, India, Patricia Anne Boyd, Jane Asher, Ravi Shankar, Magical Mystery Tour, Candy, The Apple Shop and Apple, Wonderwall, Yellow Submarine, Revolution, Two Virgins, Allen Klein, The Magic Christian, Linda Eastman and Yoko Ono, Lie In For Peace ... They touched it all, every part of the era, everything that was happening or bound to happen soon saw a Beatle or two passing through, stopping for a while, getting involved, moving on.

And then it ended, almost as suddenly as it had began it was over. The Beatles were no more. The funny thing is that the break-up of the Beatles was a natural event. They had changed, we had changed, the world had changed. Not that we didn't need them anymore, but that the climate was no longer right for the energetic innocence that they represented.

Long hair and rock and roll bands weren't the thing to startle or surprise us anymore, they had become common place, part of our life experience. In fact, as the 60's ended the 1964 image of the Beatles looked tame, contrived, nothing to really believe in. Like a magic trick that has lost its charm because we know how it's done.

Ten years ago this month it started. For those of us who have lived by the beat those ten years are equal to a hundred. We've been shot through more changes, absorbed more media energy, seen, heard, and thought more than is good for us. And along the way we've lost The Beatles. And we've lost what they stood for. It's as difficult to look back now and try to feel how it was as if a hundred years have past. Maybe they have.

What about the John, Paul, George, and Ringo of today? Aren't they Beatles still and all? Not really. Even when John, George, and Ringo assembled in Los Angeles last year to play on John's album "Mind Games" it wasn't the Beatles. Paul wasn't there and reports had it that if Paul could be brought back into the fold the boys might just have another go at it. But can they really believe today's reconstituted Beatles would be anything but a trip down Memory lane; something of a sad parody of days that have long since gone.

Individually each of them has shown a distinct talent for entertaining and making music. John with his rock and roll albums that show his basic rock steady roots. Paul with his love songs and almost traditional approach to pretty melodies that are steeped in the affection he has for his wife and family. George who has been captured by ideals of religion, peace, calm ... making him somehow *the* musician of the group. And Ringo who is full of humor, over-production, and a certain Charlie Chaplin tramp camp that is both sad and charming.

John, Paul, George, and Ringo are still making good music, at times brilliant music. They have continued to contribute

to the changes going on around them. They still mean something to us all and with every album they release we are

given some new enjoyment. But they are no longer Beatles. Just as we, except in the past tense, are no longer Beatles fans.

BEATLES ALBUM DISCOGRAPHY

VJ Records

Introducing The Beatles (VJ LP 1062)
Jolly What! The Beatles And Frank Ifield On Stage (VJ)
The Beatles vs The Four Seasons (VJ DX 30)
Hear The Beatles Tell All (VJ PRO 202)

Various Labels

The Savage Young Beatles (Savage BM 69)
Ain't She Sweet - The Beatles (Atco 33-169)
In The Beginning (Polydor 24-4504)
The American Tour With Ed Rudy (Radio Pulsebeat News Records)

Capitol Records

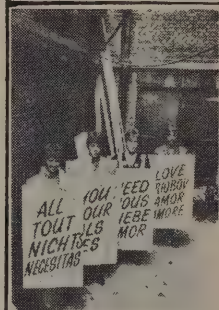
Meet The Beatles (Capitol ST 2047)
The Beatles' Second Album (Capitol ST 2080)
Something New (Capitol)
The Beatles' Story - On Stage With The Beatles (Capitol STBO 2222)
Beatles '65 (Capitol ST 2228)
The Early Beatles (Capitol ST 2309)
The Beatles VI (Capitol T 2358)
Help! (Capitol SMAS 2386)
Rubber Soul (Capitol ST 2442)
Yesterday ... And Today (Capitol ST 2553)
Revolver (Capitol T 2576)
Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band (Capitol 2653)
Magical Mystery Tour (Capitol)

Various Labels

No One's Gonna Change Our World (Gramophone Co. SRS 5013)
Hard Day's Night (United Artists)
Beatles In Italy (EMI PMCO 31506) (Italy only)
The Beatles Christmas Album (Apple SBC 100)
A Collection Of Beatles Oldies (EMI PMC 7016) (England only)
The Magic Christian (Commonwealth United Records CU 6004)

Apple Records

Wonderwall Music — George Harrison (Apple ST 3350)
Unfinished Music/Life With The Lions — Lennon and Ono (Zapple ST 3357)
Electronic Sound — George Harrison (Zapple ST 3358)
Wedding Album — Lennon Ono Band (Apple SMAX 3361)
Beatles (Apple SWBO 101)
Yellow Submarine (Apple SW 153)
Abbey Road (Apple SO 383)
Hey Jude (Apple SW 385)
Let It Be (Apple AR 34001)
McCartney (Apple STAO 3363)
Sentimental Journey (Apple SW 3365) (Ringo)
Beaucoups Of Blues (Apple SMAS 3368) (Ringo)
Plastic Ono Band (Apple SW 3372) (Lennon)
Ram (Apple SMAS 3375) (McCartney)
All Things Must Pass (Apple STCH 639) (Harrison)
Wild Life — Wings (Apple SW 3386) (McCartney)
Red Rose Speedway (Apple SMAL 3409) (McCartney)
Living In The Material World (Apple SMAS 3410) (Harrison)
Beatles 1962-66 (Apple SKBO 3403)
Beatles 1967-70 (Apple SKBO 3404)
Mind Games (Apple SW 3414) (Lennon)
Ringo (Apple SWAL 3413)
Band On The Run (Apple SO 3415) (McCartney)



It Wouldn't Be A Party

One of rock's most social superstars, Alice just seems to pop up here, there, everywhere. From that amazing party in Los Angeles over two years ago when the lady jumped out of the cake and the Cockettes showed up *en masse*, to the most recent bash at New York's Planetarium to honor British group Hawkwind, Alice is always ready to have a good time. Hit Parader gives you a glimpse at that other side of Alice's life ... when he's just being Alice - not onstage - but au naturel, relaxing with friends after hours...



Tim Boxer

Alice with Warner Brothers' Records Exec Joe Smith ... taking a little time out from playing pool (one of Alice's favorite party games) to discuss his huge hit "I'm 18" way back then in 1971...



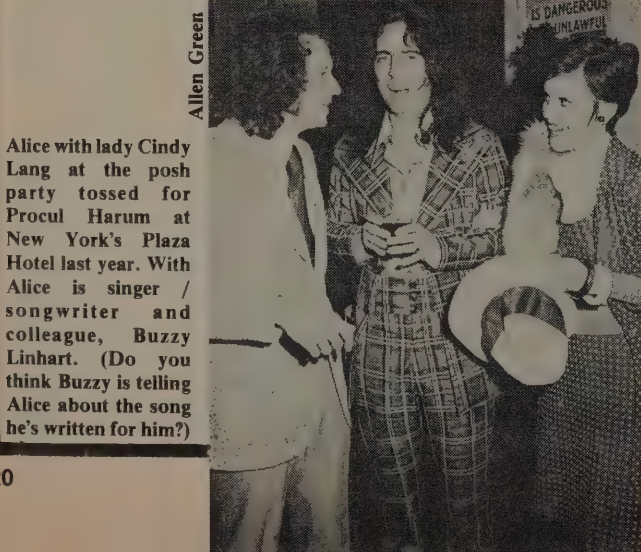
Richard Creamer

Alice was so exhausted from attending so many parties that week that he had to take a little cat nap after Anne Murray's recent opening at The Troubadour in L.A. But he wouldn't have missed seeing friends John Lennon, (no relation to Hit Parader's John Lemon), Harry Nilsson, Mickey Dolenz, and of course Anne, for the world!



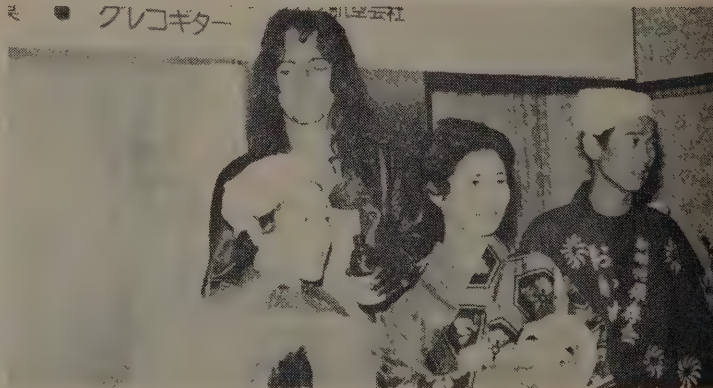
Bob Gruen

Alice and Rod McKuen are just kidding around, they're really very good friends! The occasion was the party honoring George Burns last year at New York's Sheppard's Hotel, and Alice and Rod were just joking around about each other's stage shows...



Allen Green

Alice with lady Cindy Lang at the posh party tossed for Procul Harum at New York's Plaza Hotel last year. With Alice is singer / songwriter and colleague, Buzzy Linhart. (Do you think Buzzy is telling Alice about the song he's written for him?)



We've been to parties where there's been Japanese food, but ... Alice actually was in Japan to present a rock TV show, and where there's Alice - a party can't be too far behind!

Without ALICE

If you think Alice just hangs around with rock stars, well - you're mistaken. Here he's with SAL MINEO; the occasion - a party at Roseland Ballroom honoring the 1940's...



There was no party at Yankee Stadium that day, but Alice was on hand to receive a special Louisville Slugger bat from New York's Bobby Murcer. (Actually, every occasion is like a party when Alice is around...)



Who else but Alice would be able to present George Burns and Jack Benny with a "Living Legend" Award?? Alice, a living legend himself, gave the comedians plaques with his very special snake symbol. Do you think Jack Benny is amused?



Roddy McDowell (he's the ape) and companion join Alice at the celebrity and star studded benefit night for Shakespeare in the Park at the Hollywood Bowl this past summer. Contrary to rumor, Alice did NOT have the balloon concession that evening..

Having regained his strength in Hollywood, Alice flew back to New York to be on hand at the Planetarium when British group Hawkwind held a party following their New York Academy of Music debut. That's Alice's lady Cindy along with members of Hawkwind getting into the party spirit with the Partygoer of the Year - Alice Cooper.



ELECTRIC NEWS

By Richard Robinson

mikes, how you mix the signals, and so forth. But, basically, with this type of equipment, "semi-professional" though it may be, you can make tapes that are of good enough quality to be made into records.



Three Motor Stereo Tape Deck

There was a time when having a recording studio meant an investment of thousands and thousands of dollars worth of equipment and a PHD in electronic theory. Those days are gone for good — the Japanese having made it possible for anyone who wants it to have a complete recording studio right in their living room. If you're interested and have got a thousand dollars or so to invest, you can have a tape recorder, mixer, and set of mikes that will allow you to record a pretty respectable tape. Not totally professional, but, as Sony says in their ads, "semi-professional".

What this means is that equipment is available which, if it'd been around ten years ago, would have been considered professional gear. But, with the advances that have been made in 16 track recording, aren't really up to the present state of the art. On the other hand, if you get a hold of some of this equipment you can make as good a tape as was possible in the best recording studio of six or eight years

ago — which really isn't all that bad.

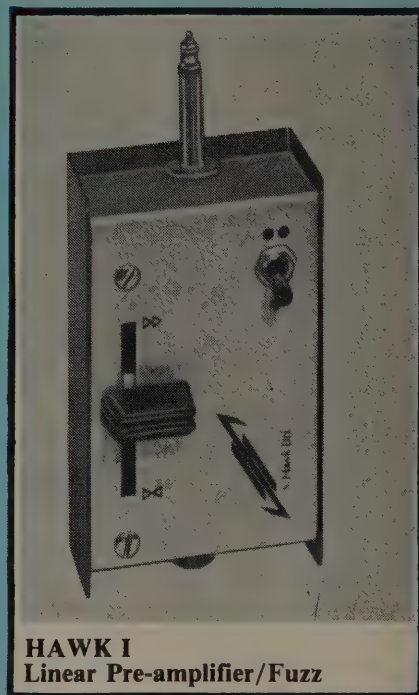
First you'll need a tape recorder. There are two requirements that a semi-professional tape recorder has to fulfill. First it has to record at 15 ips — twice the top speed of normal home tape decks, but the speed used to attain top fidelity in recording studios. Second it should take a large reel of tape — 10½" in diameter — since when you're recording at 15 ips you'll use twice as much tape as normal. One such machine is the TC-755 made by Sony. It has the look of a professional machine, lots of chrome knobs and switches and meters and dials and buttons to push.

Turning Semi-Pro

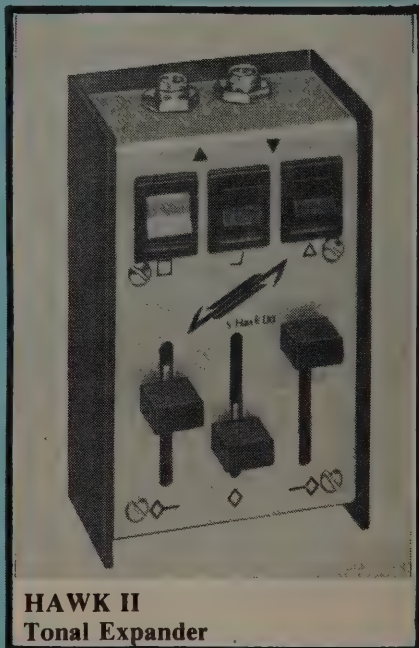
It has also lots of professional characteristics like the 10½" reels, 15 ips speed, a servo-control motor to insure exact running speed, a special tape drive that reduces such annoying audio effects as wow and flutter, special recording heads that will last 200 times longer than standard recording heads, two professional type VU meters, mic/line mixing, and a three position mike attenuator switch so you can match the mike input signal to the capabilities of the deck.

Once you have this kind of deck you'll need a good mixer. Sony also comes through with a range of audio mixers running from \$100 to \$1,000. Shure also has lots of nice mixers in the \$100 to \$300 price range. Add about six mikes (or however many you'll need to record the instruments you've got in mind) and you're ready to start your own little studio.

The final sound quality you get — if you use the kind of equipment listed here — will depend on the experience you develop in using it: how you place the



HAWK I
Linear Pre-amplifier/Fuzz



HAWK II
Tonal Expander

Expanding Your Sound

If you're into making rock music, you'll be delighted to hear that there's a whole new line of effects modules on the market which'll help you blast your guitar work right into the 80's. Made by S. Hawk Ltd., they're called the Hawk I, Hawk II.

The Hawk I is a general purpose accessory that gives the guitarist super flexibility. It's a five-way device that can be used as a studio-quality pre-amplifier, a

ELECTRIC NEWS/HIT PARADER

529 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10017

Dear Sirs:

I would like more information about

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Name
Address
City
State Zip

fuzz, a volume control, a headphone amp, and a sustain unit. It's battery operated and plugs into your guitar jack. A slide pot and toggle switch allow you to switch into any of the functions at the flip of a finger.

Then there's the Hawk II which gives you a frequency equalizer that works as a tonal expander and gives you treble boost, bass boost, tone control, pre-amp and headphone amp functions. Besides working with a guitar, the Hawk II can be used as a mike amp or with pa systems to help eliminate feedback. When used with the electric guitar the bass control cuts or boosts the frequencies produced from the low E, A, and D strings.

The treble control cuts or boosts the signal from the G, B, and high E strings. The midrange control cuts or boosts the signal from the middle frequency strings. A treble control (bright switch) will either cut-out or restore upper harmonics.



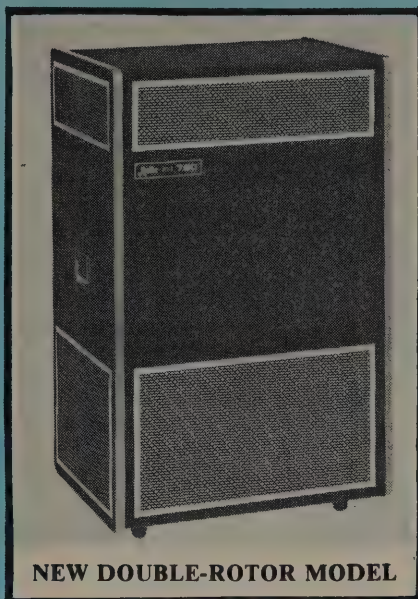
GUILD ADDS TO MADEIRA LINE

A solid-body electric guitar and solid body bass have been added to the line of Madeira guitars serviced and distributed exclusively by Guild Musical Instruments.

Both are double cutaway models with contoured bodies, humbucking pick-ups and chrome plated parts. Both are available in walnut or natural finish.

Madeira EG-100 Electric Guitar and Madeira MB-100 Electric Bass have 2 humbucking pick-ups, 2 volume controls, 2 tone controls, pick-

up selector and fully adjustable bridge. The bass has a fully adjustable bridge / tailpiece combination. Both have rosewood fingerboards. The guitar fingerboard is bound. Both have individual enclosed machine heads.



NEW DOUBLE-ROTOR MODEL

Combo musicians have been asking for it... a Leslie speaker with more than the Model 825. Introducing the new Leslie Model 760! It has both horn rotors and drum rotors. It has 90 watts RMS power with two amplification systems. A companion model, the 770, in a wood cabinet is also available.



GIG BAG FROM OVATION

Ovation Instruments has designed a new guitar carrying case, THE GIG BAG, for the musician on the move. The Gig Bag slings lightly over the shoulder with an adjustable shoulder strap, or can be hand-carried with a reinforced carrying handle.

Made from Buckskin Brown expanded vinyl and trimmed with black beading, the Gig Bag is weatherproof, easily cleaned, and won't chip, crack or fade.

The oversize accessory pocket actually holds more than a regular guitar case to provide extra convenience for the guitar player.

The accessory pocket and full-length bag zippers are heavy-duty #5 mesh nylon to virtually eliminate annoying jamming and catching.

The Gig Bag is completely padded with 1/2" thick foam and lined with black, 100% napped-cotton for extra instrument protection.



NEW FROM PEEVEY

PEEVEY'S new MUSICIAN series is the result of one of the most comprehensive and thorough research programs ever attempted by PEEVEY ELECTRONICS. The new 210 watt RMS amplifier couples the brute force of eight high energy power transistors to a massive heatsink for fantastic power and durability. The preamplifier section has every needed control function to produce unlimited dynamics, tonal variation, and almost any special effect. The exclusive distortion control allows the Musician to duplicate the natural distortion of an overdriven tube amp at all volume levels. In addition to distortion, a conventional Fuzz circuit has been included that features extremely long sustain and velvet smooth response. The Musician also includes the standard effects of reverb and tremolo, which are continuously variable.

The unique six-channel equalizer was developed to give the Musician complete control over the entire tonal spectrum by providing incremental controls for each frequency range. Proper adjustment of the equalizer enables new and different tonal blends to be created.

The second channel of the Musician is clear of all effects and is equipped with volume, treble, bass, and middle controls.

To accommodate all preferences, we have provided several distinctly different systems, each with its particular characteristics of response, power handling, and portability.

A full complement of effects, a six-channel equalizer, a second clear channel, and nearly twice the power of anything in its price range, making the Musician well worth consideration.



Andy Kent

PETE RUDGE talks about **The Who, The Stones,** **Touring** and How he'd Like to **Manage a Band** **on the Way Up**

By Lisa Robinson

He told the hotel telephone operator to stop all calls to his room high atop L.A.'s Century Plaza Hotel, but they keep on coming, nonetheless. Requests for tickets, backstage passes, party invites. Peter Rudge, tour manager for the Who and for the past two tours - The Rolling Stones, handles it all with grace under pressure, but he's a bit weary.

"The worst thing about touring is these hotel rooms," he said. "Just getting up and getting dressed and cleaning your teeth becomes a drag. I hardly get out, and there's just so much to do. 'While we talked, in addition to the constant ringing of the phone, men wheeled in huge trunks, lawyers stopped by, and Rudge sat through it all, smoking and not touching the half empty bottle of Remy Martin that sat on the table next to his chair. Impish smiles appeared on his face at the mention of 1) his dealings with the Who's recording company, MCA, and 2) a football game he was to attend the following day; presumably the smiles were for different reasons ...

"You know, we just planned to do twelve cities across the country this time," he said. "The Who have come in more infrequently than any other band, and when a band comes in only once every two years you tend to do the same markets ... L.A., New York, Chicago, San Francisco, and so forth. So you never get a chance to go to places where kids obviously have as much right to them as other kids do.

And The Who will not do a tour like the Stones, they'll do two weeks, three weeks, they won't do long ones - it's just not their way of life. One of their little tours might last one week in New York, one of them might be one date. We really would like to try and get away from that - you know, the whole music business is so routine now. You get an album out - you do a tour.

You've got to get an album out every year, and so forth. But The Who aren't that kind of group. Therefore we thought 'let's leave some cities out this time,' for that reason we're not doing New York until ... Well, let's just say between February and June we'll be in New York. I really feel that New York gets spoiled! ... Let the mountain come to Muhammed."

"You know," he continued, "The Who have never ever played Salt Lake City, for example. Never played in Charlotte. And kids there should get to see them."

One of the problems that Rudge feels is foremost about touring with a large and prestigious band such as The Who or the Stones is that there really are so few places to perform in. "I hate outdoor things," he said, "they were built for baseball and football matches and I don't care what anybody says, those kids cannot hear. I think they're disgusting, it's just an excuse to go out. You could put anybody on at the Toronto Speedway and you'd get 10,000 kids just because they want to get out"

"The first tour we did with The Who

ever in L.A., about four years ago, we did a Sunday afternoon at Anaheim, and the kids sat on the grass. It was lovely. But it's all changed now - it's racetracks and ballparks. I'd love to go out with tents or something, but touring now is governed by hall managers, unions, firemen, hockey games, it really is. You have to play second fiddle to the basketball team..."

"Maybe groups like Zeppelin should play ballparks - I mean they did fantastically. But The Who shouldn't. The Who grew up in places like The Boston Tea Party, The Electric Factory, the Fillmores, and we would really like to retain that sort of thing. Because without that sort of thing we wouldn't be here today, would we?"

"I'm looking for alternatives to the huge stadium thing all the time," Rudge continued. "I want to play the Stones in Vegas next year, at that huge MGM Grand Hotel. They want them to as well, and I'm always looking for things like that. We had fun on this last Stones' tour, but Jagger really is a bit frustrated, you know? There's just so much that one can do ..."

"What I'd really like to do is to take Madison Square Garden for a week, and have three stages, and sort of make it into a set. You know there are all these that one could do - but everyone's just given up. It's easy to go and play the speedway. It's a very ruthless business, and acts come and go. But The Who - the Townshends, the Jagers - they're very few and far between, but they'll be there."

"I'd love to find a little band and get it together and sort of find my own Who or Stones ..."

Rudge came to the United States practically on top of traveling all through Europe with The Stones - and says now that he'd plan as many tours as people want, but he doesn't really want to go out on the road. "For two years I've been on the road," he said "but I guess I'd always be worrying what was going on if I wasn't there. Like with the Stones, I'm one of these people who'll say 'go and get the t-shirts' to someone and then five minutes later I'll ask him 'did you get the t-shirts?'. I mean, I'm terrible that way - I'm really bad."

"But you can only throw your heart into so much," Pete smiled. "I've always been a believer that you really can only manage one group, I don't think you can really manage two groups ... I actually got into the Stones' tours by accident. Last time I was in Los Angeles with The Who, Jagger came by and we started to talk, and he wanted to know - like he always does, he picks everyone's brains - and then he called me back one day and asked me if I would like to do it. And you know, everyone was offering him two million dollars and eight million dollars.

"And I told him I'd do it, but we'd have to do it my way, I wanted to do it right. Like that tour they did - not the last one, the one before that - I mean even before

Altamont it was bad, ticket prices and everything it was just done all wrong. So he rang me up and said 'okay Pete' - go and do it, do it your way.' But I want to get involved with small bands, because without small bands you don't have any big bands."

Is there time for that? "Well, I'm going to have to make time, I mean I'm not going to sit in rooms like this for the rest of my life."

"But I do love America," he continued. "I get all my energy in America. I really hate England, it's so lethargic ... I get so bored, it's only when I come over here that I get ... you know. The place that I'm most sane in is New York, I love it."

About 37 people are traveling with The Who this time, and Rudge said that it was about the same with the most recent Stones' tour of Europe. He says that after awhile the Stones tour got to be a little routine, "but you really know when it gets bad is when you don't want to see the show. Then you have to really pinch yourself, you know - when the band comes on and you go into the dressing room ... Then you realize that you're not doing what God told you to do. But I still get highs from it - like the first time I saw Mountain at the Fillmore ... like that."

There's been an emphasis on staging and theatrics in rock recently, and yet in a way, there hasn't been anything as theatrical as when Townshend used to tear apart his guitars all those years ago. "The Who could stand on stage with one spotlight and they'd be theatrical," Rudge emphasized, "The Stones are a bit more into theatrics ... but the whole thing about staging is that it shouldn't detract from the artist. Townshend can do one leap in the air and do more with that ... do more to an audience than eight thousand lights.

"But there are a lot of things that haven't been done. No one's ever thought about working with anything other than a standard thirty by forty stage. No one's ever used the horizontal, and no one's ever picked up on the wireless mike. It gives the artist so much freedom. But everything's been so stereotyped, and there are a lot of things you can do - we used that wireless mike with the Stones in Australia, and there really are things you can do. As long as you don't take away from the raw ingredients, and with The Who the raw ingredient is energy. Musically they could do a terrible show but be great to the audience."

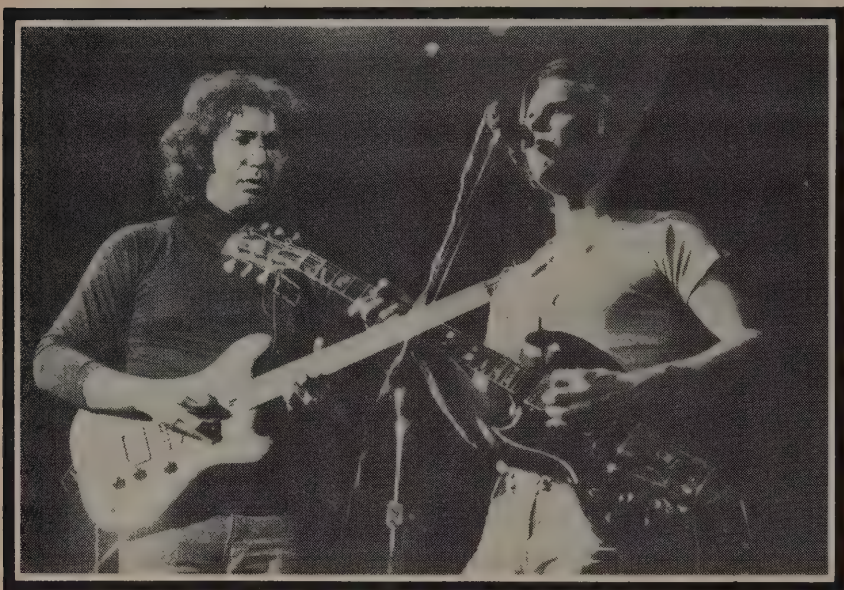
You've got to have some fun, haven't you? I mean - we've been talking about doing things with the Stones like Vegas, or going to Radio City and using that flying equipment that they've got available there - and I can tell you that next year The Who will come to the States and do something quite spectacular. It's not worth doing it really, if you don't have any fun."

One of my best times is when Moon is playing around, you know, talking to the stewardesses - those are the great moments with The Who."



Good Ol' GRATEFUL DEAD: The First Seven

By Lenny Kaye



The projector rolls: Garcia at Golden Gate Park for Chocolate George, coming off stage as if the demons of hell are pursuing him; at the Palm Gardens with the Group Image, Mickey Hart's first night in New York, reeling out "Turn On Your Lovelight"; Manhattan Center, packed to the gills, squirming in the heat to "Johnny B. Goode"; four nights at the Fillmore, a bright bulb-lit Grateful Dead sign greeting the compleat group as they tumble on stage at four in the morning; Pigpen gruffly exhorting the crowd to "take your hands out of your pockets and put 'em together"; the sounds of "Uncle John's Band" permeating the Alternative Media Conference, helped out by Hog Farm trucks and tiny orange barrels for lunch; awash with Nudie glitter in Long Island, mature and forceful, guiding their music as a scythe fells a field of grain, lush and golden in the midnight sun.

The years wheel by, calendar leaves torn and cupped aloft by the wind. The Grateful Dead moving on. Together for so long, you might think their usefulness as an institution would have dissipated eons ago; instead, they're stronger than ever, a new record company to sell their wares, a family gathered to continue pushing them over the top.

In Biblical times, cycles changed every seven years - fat and famine, swarms of descending locusts. Now that the Dead have passed their first hurdle as a national monument it might be more than appropriate to take a long backward glance and see where they've been, not to mention where they're going.

They were a local band, first and foremost, dredged up from the acid-washed underbelly of San Francisco avant-garde culture to set a new direction for music. Given the free form and freewheeling setting of Ken Kesey's notable happenings, they were inclined to experimentation early on, encouraged to stretch out and explore the previously inviolable boundaries of their musical influences: blues, country, solid line folk, each stage transcended by a telling shot of electricity.

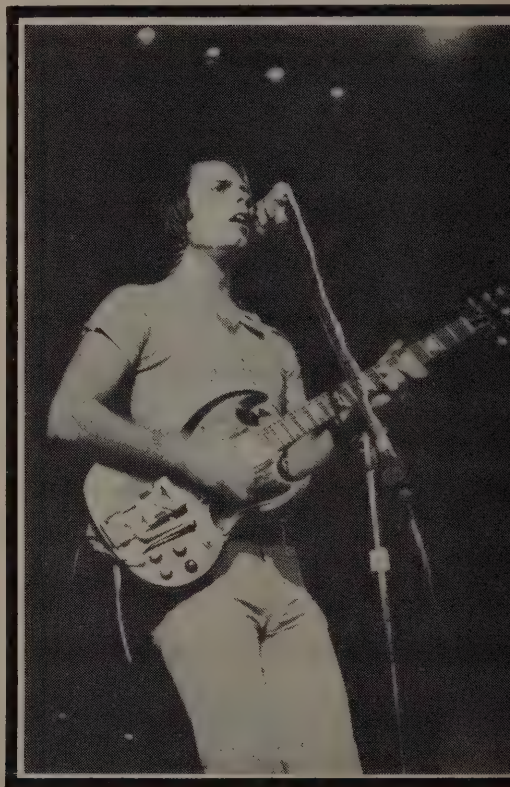
In the beginning, there were five of them. Pigpen, whose early harmonica and organ set their style far more than has been generally credited; Phil Lesh, once known as Reddy Kilowatt, a scholar in electronics music who quickly realized the central position of the bass guitar and its potential for sound manipulation; Bill Kreutzmann, a concentrado drummer whose ability to keep up with the mayhem surrounding him and firmly take it in hand always notched him a forefront of the Dead's undercarriage; and Captain Trips himself, Jerry Garcia, to lead and provide the spiritual energy, a major figure in the San Franciscan renaissance and an innovator of no small proportions, scoping the Dead's growth each step of the way.

Playing at area dances and buoyed by the continual ballroom interaction of their audience, the Dead soon happened on their original formulas. They had emerged out of a non-pop tradition, and so it wasn't too long before they began expanding their wild card segments in live

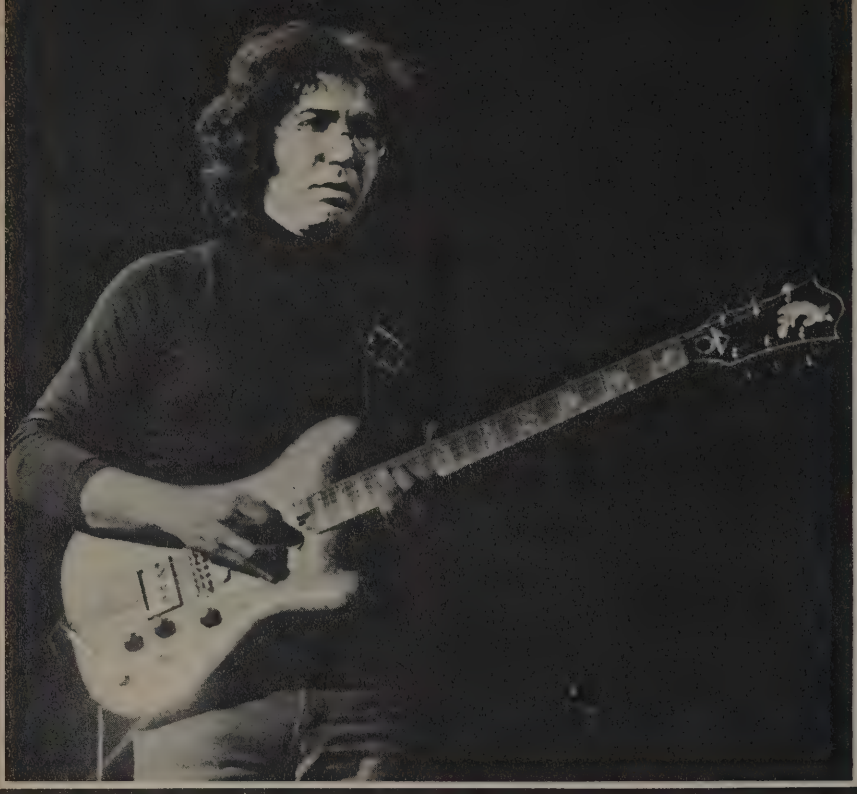
performance, breaking the three minute singles' barrier with lavish instrumental breaks and waves of pure sound. Garcia would take a solo, but he never (as inevitably developed) attempted to step out in front of the group. Instead, he would signal Lesh with a series of lightning-like runs, Phil Picking up and tossing the phrase at Bill and over to Pigpen, Weir supporting all and filling out whatever might've escaped unnoticed.

It was ensemble playing at its finest, and the Dead took it to heights unimaginable, working with a charismatic fervor that soon expanded their name out of its local origins and into the national consciousness. Though others would later carry the Summer of Love banner in more obvious terms, the Dead were the best representation of the then-hippie ethos, a living rallying-point that seemed to center and lock at their numerous free concerts and benefit appearances.

The early sound of the Grateful Dead can best be heard on their first album, mixed and recorded at a livid rate in early 1967 and in the stores not too much after. Though they later expressed disappointment with its hurried nature and primitively recorded sound, there is little







question that it marked a new beginning for the way rock structure was to be perceived. The Dead played fast, on the seam of chaos, yet when they caught fire, as on "Viola Lee Blues", they could literally drag you up out of your seat and into their continual build, casually tossing you off a cliff when they finally reached their apex and cut the engines.

They were still a young band, however, still in the process of defining themselves satisfactorily. A period of hard experimentation was to follow, as the Dead attempted to fully come to grips with the concepts they'd initially outlined. Mickey Hart was added on drums in an attempt to make the rhythmic base less one-sided, and Tom Konstanten came in to relieve Pigpen on keyboards, while the latter moved over to conga and vocals. Their recorded work also took on a pragmatic nature, as the Dead - now finally acclimated to the idea of the studio - spent hours in searching for the right vehicle, the right method of preserving their live energy in the face of vinyl complexities.

As with any band that steps out on the edge and inspects their farthest reaches, the group's creations in this period were at once their most imaginative and fraught with failure, the heights ascended and the depths assayed. *Anthem of the Sun* and *Aoxomoxoa* were both successful in parts, collaging live material with studio stunts, appraising every side of their influences from the electronic and future-oriented to simple country and western. It was a necessary transition, and when the Dead finally relented and made the live album they'd been so long promising, *Live Dead*, it was as if they realized a corner had been turned, the early naivete now beveled to professional savvy, ready to go out and conquer the world.

It was, indeed, a critical move. None of

the first three albums had sold particularly well, despite press acclaim and an enviable underground reputation, and the group was in the hole to their record company for more money than most of Haight-Ashbury cared to admit existed. But *Live Dead* turned the tide, exhibiting the group's quite considerable ability in tying together differing song threads, letting them pass naturally one into the other as if they'd been especially designed. The Dead were first and foremost a jamming band, utilizing their songs as frameworks for what could be dreamily built on top of them, and as they made their changes, each segue brought about with care and a strange kind of tact, it was clear that they'd found solid footing at last.

They went back into the studio after *Live Dead* and put together their first song-oriented albums. They were hitting their stride by this time, bringing their country backgrounds to the fore and letting them shine, lacing through with rock and roll whenever an additional punch was needed. *Workingman's Dead* opened with "Uncle John's Band" and closed with "Casey Jones", and as if in response, a strange new breed of fan began to appear at their concerts, fanatically loyal, certain that the Dead were working on grounds no other band had yet conceived of trodding. It was probably their most fertile period, and when *American Beauty* came along to put the seal on the bottle, the group was home-free.

By now, the ritual had become standard, touchstones in the form of ceremony, the response cataclysmic and double-ended. "It all depends on the rapport they get going with the audience," Dead spokesman Rock Scully once told me. "The more rapport, the more they pour it on. When Garcia feels free to improvise, the band sort of feeds off that energy, and they can use it to get their

rhythmic thing together. And I guess above all, they really need some room to stretch out. If they can cook for about three hours, they can really do quite a job."

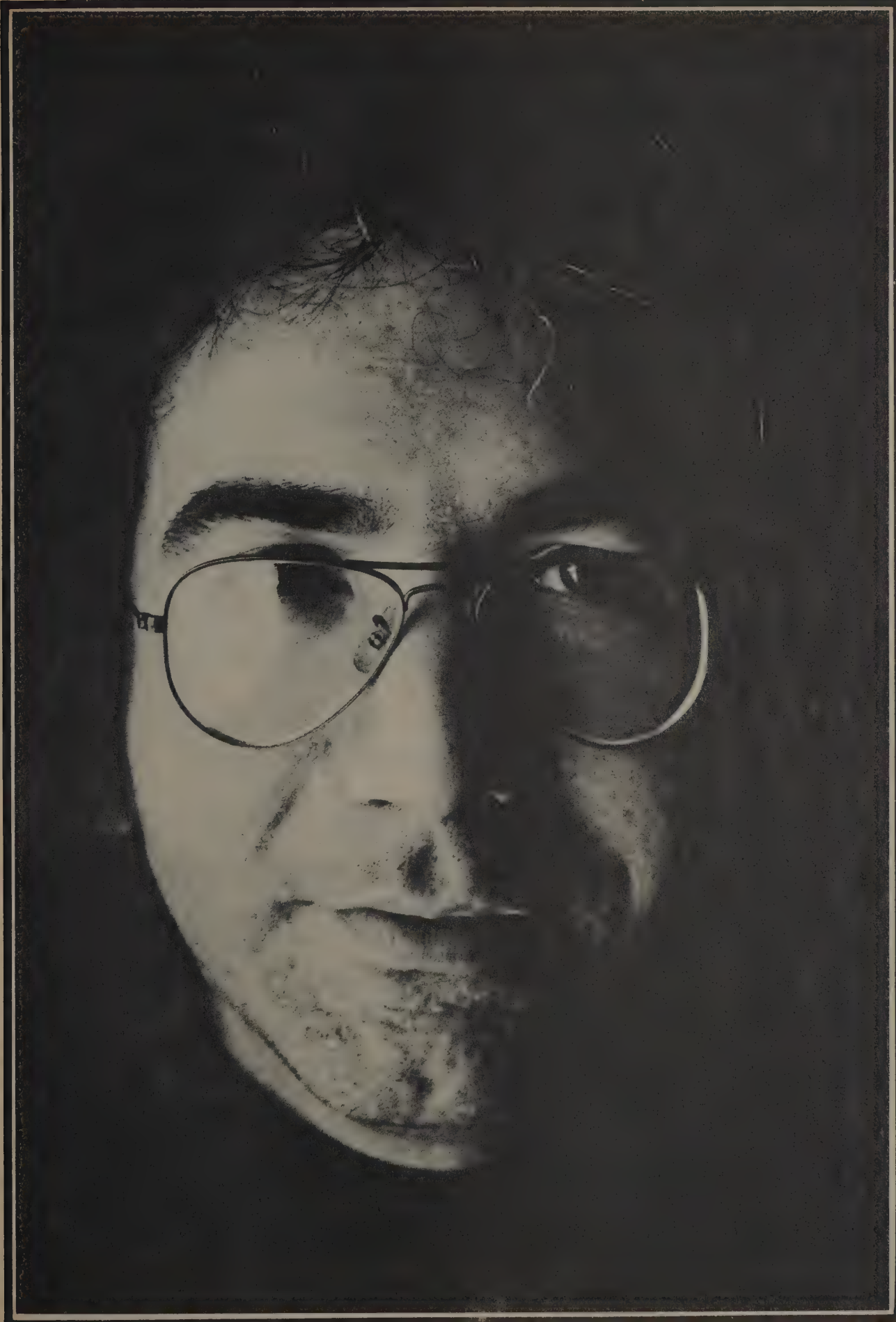
The man knows whereof he speaks. Rapport was easily obtained, the crowd usually locked into the minutest flare in the texture of the music, boogieing along as close to center stage as possible, their energy laying a solid-state foundation under the band. Room to stretch out was even easier to oblige, with the Dead arranging their shows for maximum output, several hour marathons the rule rather than the exception. They prowled around the outer edges of their music in the course of a night, drawing it soft, raising it to sonic heights, modulating it over into cosine shades that never stopped building toward a stunning, overpowering finale.

They missed at times, o' course, the tenuous ground suddenly slick and slippery, cues lost and opportunities flailed by the wayside. But when such leathery moments would appear, the Dead never lost heart, never ceased working at the song until it righted itself, steam rising, sparked by Garcia or Lesh or Weir taking command, bringing it back into focus. Their commitment to the success of their music was only equalled in their commitment to bring the best out of and to their audience, and as these truths circulated word-of-mouth from Dead head to Dead head, their legions grew.

Until. The days are gone when they could play small clubs, personal-sized halls, friendly and containable benefits in the park. The Dead's show has gotten larger, now requiring twenty three tons of equipment (459 speakers, over 600 amplifiers, set up by twelve specialized sound technicians taking the better part of a day), it's also required more and more forethought, not to mention expensive overhead. By today's standards, it's nearly impossible for them to play in a hall under 10,000 capacity. Still, no matter. The Dead are the Dead, and the show received by those fortunate to gain entrance is sturdy and highly professional, yet not so rigid that all the life-blood could be cut and drawn, laid to waste. When the group turns into the "Ridin' that train" chorus from "Casey Jones", and a laser beam spotlight snakes out to strike a refracting ball over a huge arena, there are too few who can even pretend to come close to their impact.

They have a new record company, of which *Wake of the Flood* - their first new studio release in over three years - is the debut offering, and are setting up a distribution system, quality control, and informational feed that will finally realize all their fantasies of how things should run to best advantage. Tom and 'Pen are gone, as is Mickey, spiritually replaced by the Godchaux' - Keith and Donna. Why, Garcia even shaved off his beard a few months back.

They are the Grateful Dead. Seven down, more to go, looking better each time around. And the future? From Rock Scully: "Well," he says, laughing, "you know the Dead have no future. It's all just day to day, day to day."



Peter Simon

THE HIT PARADER INTERVIEW

PETER TOWNSHEND

Peter Townshend is one of rock's most intellectual superstars. In the following exclusive interview he tells Hit Parader what the last ten years of making music with The Who has been like and what he's planning for the next ten years.

HP: Where'd I see you last? I'll start questioning you.

HP: Probably in your management office at 888 Eighth Avenue, way back in the 1960's.

Townshend: Hell!!

HP: How are you taking the 70's now that we're three years into them?

Townshend: Don't like 'em.

HP: Do you think all the things that are happening in the 70's — Bryan Ferry, David Bowie, the return to elegance quote unquote — are exciting?

Townshend: Well, it's not very exciting for them, I don't think. They're always ringing up to invite me out. They obviously think that I'm more fun than the jet set, in inverted commas. Alice Cooper invited Keith out for a game of golf the other day, said he's got no friends. Mick Jagger's constantly entertaining Ronnie Lane. Ronnie says he's the most down to earth guy in the world. So there's obviously a need for sanity somewhere.

HP: It's like everybody's beginning to clean up their act after all the things they learned in the 60's. Have you had any time to contemplate the 60's and what you learned? Have you had that break?

Townshend: Well, no. I mean yeah. I mean 'Quadrophonia' as an album was the culmination of a lot of that kind of thinking. Sort of, really, the fact that it's about the 60's and it's about that ten years of our career, involves us in it and involves us as a device. It was really very conscious because I was doing that, I suppose, quite a lot.

I didn't sort of look back. I really started to get the feeling that it's like that ten year cycle. Our first record was made in 64 — 'I'm The Face', I think was made in late 64. But we formed really as a band — Keith joined the group in 63 so we're like getting round to our ten year sort of cycle. And that tends to make one look back. You just start to think: 'Is it really ten years?'

HP: Do you think you've had your say as



far as the 60's are concerned with 'Quadrophonia'?

Townshend: Ah, I think in the traditional *Who* sense yeah. I'm now contemplating never ever writing anything like that again. I felt it was really important that we shouldn't get lost somehow, not in any rush — I mean I'm as anxious as anybody else for the next explosion to come along — but so we don't get caught-up in that Jerry Lee Lewis, Chuck Berry, Little Richard syndrome. I find that very scary.

HP: Very nightmarish ...

Townshend: Yeah. I just don't want to be standing on the stage playing the old tunes. It's great but it really is like reliving. And it really is like constantly going over and over and over again and if you are a genuinely nostalgic person yourself and something really did happen to you, and you were young then, and, of course, none of those guys were young then it's too emotionally important to constantly do it. It hurts. It sometimes hurts to play 'My Generation'.

HP: That song is funny. It's like a best selling book that didn't start out as a best seller.

Townshend: Yeah.

HP: And now everyone's got a copy but at no one point was it selling enough to be on the charts.

Townshend: Right.

HP: But now it's like a badge that everybody wants to wear...

Townshend: We play it twice now onstage. In fact yesterday we played it twice and then at the end there was a very necessary encore cause nobody moved after we went off so we were trying to think of what to play and somebody said, 'What about 'My Generation' again?! I mean it stands it, it would stand it. We didn't play it again.

HP: Twice this year is to prevent having to play it at all next year?

Townshend: No, I certainly don't mind playing it twice.

HP: Do you mind doing things over and over again at all in that sense? Playing the same thing over and over again ...

Townshend: I hated it with 'Tommy'.

HP: Have you forgotten that now ... put it out of your mind?

Townshend: Well I can't because I've offered to ... in a moment of insanity offered to re-do the music for the Ken Russell movie which starts right after this tour. So as soon as I get back I want to write some additional material. I don't know, I've never ever seen anybody that I really respect ever take a piece of music of their own and re-work it without something going wrong. Fats Domino remakes or ... ah ...

HP: Chuck Berry on Mercury Records ...

Townshend: Yeah. It's very strange. It's like it never seems to work. I'm very anxious that what I do should be a reaction to 'Tommy' as though from a completely



different position. I think it's long enough ago that it will evolve in a really good and exciting way.

See, the other thing is there never ever was the rumored live album of 'Tommy' and so there's nothing on record which represents the tail end of the Who's sort of evolving 'Tommy'.

HP: When Russell starts doing this are you going to try to get your foot in the door with creating the visual for the film...

Townshend: Well, we've already talked a fantastic amount. He gave me draft scripts and I reacted to them and all that. The incredible thing about him, you see, is that he's so right that there wasn't much I really wanted to say. I've had lots and lots of scripts from people but this one was right.

HP: 'Quadrophenia' is a book in a lot of senses, a lot of information on a lot of levels ... a lot of things for people to think about. Have you considered any other way of saying it? *(At this point in the interview there's a knock at the door and Peter answers. Three young girls are there asking for concert tickets. Peter gives them tickets. They scream and hug and kiss him. He closes the door and comes back into the room grinning.)*

Townshend: They're great, those kids. They did that whole thing just now about an hour ago when I said, 'Yeah, I'll give you some tickets.' So I got it twice. Never ever happened to me when I wanted it to happen.

HP: Does that mean as much now as it did?

Townshend: It never ever happened ... very rarely.

HP: Always sitting there waiting and the phone never rang ...

Townshend: Yeah, when I was a young man ...

HP: How old do you feel now?

Townshend: I suppose I feel about as old as I am. I feel sort of approaching middle age. I'm twenty eight. And a lot of my friends are like — one guy who I used to think about a lot when I was writing 'Quadrophenia', a friend of mine who is a

very sort of uneducated guy ... he's Irish actually, but probably because he was Irish was always sort of lyrical and could always explain himself incredibly well. It was like he was thirty the other day.

He came to one of our shows in Newcastle before we left to come over. He walked in covered in badges and things that were all collected way back when we used to play the Goldat Club in Shepherd's Bush. He had all his membership cards, like framed, there were Union Jacks, and pictures of us that he'd taken on the stage there with like an Instamatic camera or the then equivalent. And it was amazing. He said, 'I'm thirty'.

Incredible. I couldn't believe it. I always thought he was younger than me for a start. You always think the audience is younger. And, as ... that's about how old I feel. It doesn't seem to matter as much as I used to think it would. I mean when I was about nineteen I wasn't like afraid of old age but I was very angry about it. I was angry that I was going to get old. And I knew also that I was gonna even out a lot. It's really great to be in a rock band because you get an excuse to behave like an adolescent all the time, and everybody applauds.

HP: Do you have any sense of like, you're twenty-eight now and there are kids who are fifteen who are running up and down Sunset Strip ... some of them are twelve and thirteen...

Townshend: Well, there's only three of 'em!

HP: Well, that's because they're not living as long as they used to. But, you know, any sense that there are at least two generations now who are aware and conscious ... and, you know ... aware of you as something that they weren't old enough to see the first time around? Do you have any sense of them or their needs or desires?

Townshend: I obviously should have but I find it really difficult because I think always in the sense of like, you know in the old cliched thing, I think in a reflective sense. I like to be a kind of barometer ... or at least allow the music to be that.

And when I write lyrics it always comes

out in a very unconscious sort of way. I write a song and then record it and then sit back and play the journalist and analyse it. And play the rock fanatic and try and work out what makes it tick or where it came from. And I never quite know where it comes from. It just sort of comes out of the top of my head, you know?

HP: Do you make any kind of effort on any level — at least as far as inputs are concerned — to hear what's happening, to see what's happening, to feel what's happening?

Townshend: Ah, it's a knack I think that you get. I don't know what it is ... I mean I really like to go to sort of ballrooms and things. Whenever I get the opportunity I just go and sort of hang-out in a ballroom and just hear what records are being played and see which ones get people up. And there again I feel completely alienated by other things that are happening in the rock business. The fact that in England, for example, a pop music age group audience is like three years old through to about seventeen.

And another pop music audience is from about fifteen through to about maybe forty. And that's a bit peculiar because it means if you're part of one you can't be part of the other. So it excludes my own kids from ever enjoying what I do. Whereas at four and a half years old they think David Cassidy is amazing. And they like his music and they listen to it and they enjoy it. It annoys me that there is that kind of ... I don't think it's quite as split in this country ... it's such a big country that it's sort of fractured and it dissipates and it's not as defined...

HP: And also they grow ... when they get to like fifteen, sixteen ... they graduate from like reading kids' books into adult books.

Townshend: There definitely seems to be less shame in America in emulating your elder teenagers. In England that's considered really a sin. You don't copy your big brother. You do something different. You wear different clothes. And if you



haven't really got anything to say you try best as you can to just disappear completely.

HP: What's your reaction to what's happened in England. We all, both here and in England in the 60's had the feeling of a sense of revolt, a sense of the future, a sense that something was going to change. That the electricness of what we were doing was going to make it change and I think that we've all come to — some of us who were there early and are still here — have come to a sense that things don't really change as much as we might have expected.

Townshend: No, I think that's the incredible thing. I mean, the other incredible thing is that ah ... that the demands are still as ruthless and still as heavy. I mean, just the fact that rock music has its own peculiar brand of journalism surrounding it is a constant sort of indication that, you know, that people still want rock and roll. They still want heavy music. They still want exciting, gritty, down-to-earth street corner stuff. Even if they don't hang out there anymore.

And it's not out of nostalgia that they want it. They want it in a sort of reiterative sense. They want the same thing said again because they still feel it's as important now as it was then. A kind of feeling of, say ... ah, that song on Quadrophonia 'I Am One', it's like that kind of thing. They want to be able to sort of have music which affirms their selves.

I think rock is the only music that is capable of doing that, that I've ever come across. You know, in an unpompous way. Most other music is sort of ... comes from on high down towards the listener. Certain rock songs you just take and they're yours. You don't give two shits who made 'em, or what they're like, or whatever. You just know that they're right, you just know that this particular song belongs to you.

HP: What about stars? Do you think stars are more important now? In the classic Marilyn Monroe sense of the star. As someone who is beyond you and you enjoy them being separate and special. You've created two characters in the last few years who are special people. They may be ordinary people, but they're still ... you know, places for us to focus.

That whole Bryan Ferry thing in England, for instance. With Roxy at this point he's not so much a rock and roll musician as a star. (*Sniffing noise from Peter, obviously not a big Roxy fan.*) Someone who you're going to see to look at, rather than listen to. Do you see that, now that you're going to have a movie, that whole sense of the star as having anything to do with you?

Townshend: Not really. No.

HP: Now what about television, video tape, that sort of stuff. Have you any desire to express yourself on that level?

Townshend: Well I'm starting to get 'round to like really wanting to ... well I'll wait, I'll reserve judgement till we work on 'Tommy'. I've never really been in on the making of a film from start to finish. If 'Tommy' and my involvement in it does

nothing else other than drag me back yet again to the industry charisma that surrounds it.

At least it will teach me a bit about the making of a film. You know, I make films. I've got a camera. I know how it's done. I've hired cutting equipment and everything but I — I don't know, it's not something that comes naturally to me.

And if it doesn't come naturally to me I don't really want to force it. And there has been one very severe aborted attempt at a film which took such a great toll on me that I'm very very nervous to do it again.

That was the 'Lifehouse' project which was a script that I wrote, kind of a sciencefictiony kind of story, but the script was like a workshop type script. It was a story, a legitimate film script type script about what I hoped would happen when I began an experiment of making a six month rock concert. I think is what it was all about. And I described all the things that would happen.

HP: A six month rock concert?

Townshend: Yeah.

HP: That went on for six months?

Townshend: Yeah it went on for six months. And the Who were playing all the time!

HP: That sounds more like a perennial nightmare for you than anything else.

Townshend: Anyway, the ... what it was is to take it up to its ideological level. Is that I've got this feeling, I think it's shared by most people, is that one of the reasons why so many people go to rock concerts is that usually is — particularly with really good performers — a moment when you just kind of disappear. You just kind of become insignificant.

And you forget yourself, you forget the reason you went. And in that state I suppose it's really exhilarating. It really is like a meditate state. You're not there anymore. You're part of something. And you're free. And your head is free. It's like absence of self and absence of worry. The really great and the band as well.

What I wanted to do was to try to get that thing to last for a long, long, long time. Eventually to try to get it to be a state of mind, you see. I didn't know whether it was possible or not but I became obsessed with it. Universal Pictures said they'd finance it.

And we've got this theater called The Young Vic in London which is a bit like the Tyrone Guthrie Theater, it's a workshop type theater, it's in the round, very small and very good. We moved in and started to alter the sound, fitted in a quad system, and had billions of toys brought in — videos and recording studios and grand pianos and swings and all kinds of stuff. And we just started to open the doors and play.

The first day about fifty skinheads came in and did a dance which I promptly copied. Which is where two boys dance together and they bop one another's shoulders, you lean forward and the two shoulders bop. I thought that was really amazing. Followed closely by a maniac. Who ran up to the front of the stage, like a hippy, like some drug crazed hippy, and



started to yell 'Capitalist pigs! Bastards! Get off the stage!'

So I lifted him up onto the stage and beat what shit there was left in him out of him. Whereupon he promptly got up again and got on the drums and said, 'I've always wanted to be in a group!' And then off again and then came back and started to scream. And I suddenly realized the whole thing about it is you almost need the ritual of starting and finishing.

It's like the whole magic of the joint is that you roll it and then smoke it and you said, 'From now on I am going to enjoy life! You know! And It's very much like that at a rock concert, you've got to switch it on and then you've gotta switch it off. Otherwise there's no sense of occasion.

Anyway, it was a flop. And I kept trying and trying and trying and then the band started to lose interest and everybody around started to lose interest. But I wanted the album which was eventually 'Who's Next'.

HP: What are you going to do about your children when they grow up and don't like the look of what their parents' style of living and ...

Townshend: Well, the oldest child is only four and half but she's quite precocious, naturally, and she occasionally just says things that indicate that we're in for a fantastic amount of trouble. But I think that by that time I might be even enough to handle it. I like to think of myself as sort of ... ah, the liberal father of two daughters and won't bat an eyelid and just sort of sit there in my library. I don't know ... I hope I'm gonna be alright, I hope we're gonna be alright.

But our family doesn't feel like a family, I haven't been educated in that kind of family thing. My wife came from a big solid integrated family so she kind of balances it up a bit. But I still feel kind of ... about like kids for example ... like they're very much somebody else, so there's no ... I mean I think about her as a kind of possession.

HP: But the kids you feel are just like people ...

Townshend: Yeah ...

HP: Until they bring home a musician when they're sixteen or seventeen!

Townshend: Yeah (*laughing*).

Interview by
Richard Robinson







THE STONES IN EUROPE

By Nick Kent

London — "I know when I've given a lousy performance and I know when I'm great. I've worked myself into a state where I know I'd never ever give a very, very bad performance, but concerts vary and I think it's amusing that most writers can never really distinguish between a mediocre gig and a great one. Like those Wembley concerts, where I just wasn't on form — almost everyone said 'ow great I was when I knew I wasn't doing my best. I mean, the first show there was 'orrible!"

But then there were concerts like the first show at Birmingham — were you there? — now that was a great one, because the audience just stayed rigid in their seats and I found myself playing to the air which was beautiful in a way. I perform for anyone who's putting out some kind of reaction, and if there's no perceivable reaction I'll perform to the air. And that's sometimes when my finest moments happen."

Mick Jagger was sitting back relaxing at Wilton's, a restaurant for successful businessmen and socially-acceptable celebrities. The last gig of the Rolling Stones European Tour '73 had occurred over a week ago in West Berlin, and now it appears to be time to relax. Still, Jagger is viewing future projects with lively concern: he has already started writing new songs and is soon to embark on a trip to North Africa in order to concentrate more fully on the task.

He currently hopes to get the new Stones album out by January and tentatively plans to have half of it 'live' and half either new material or perhaps reworkings of a few non-originals the band have been toying with the idea of recording for quite a while. Still that's all for the future and, God knows, one is more than aware that Stones projects are prime victims for spontaneous whims and fancies that can easily alter their whole

original vision. Back to contemporary matters.

The Stones European tour seems, as with all live work the band does nowadays, half-obligatory and half-desirable. America is more thoroughly desirable simply because, as a complete entity, it is easier to strategically conquer, and it's also infinitely more beneficial to play there economically.

"Frankly, I think Europe's crazy," states Charlie Watts in Berlin. "I mean, it's so much better when you tour the States, because it's just one huge country and you can co-ordinate yourself so much better. Europe's mad though because of all the borders, and everyone's speaking a different language and that. Know what I mean?"

"It's hardly a financially successful operation. The last time we toured Europe we actually lost money. Can you imagine that? Having to slave around playing all these places and then finding out you've lost money."

"This might just be the first European tour we make any money on, though I don't know. Really, I'll be the last one of all to know about it."

At this point, it appears that once the accounts have been sorted out, the Stones will have made a little money on the tour which is surprising considering that at least fifty-three people were travelling around in an official capacity as the band's professional constant entourage. These range from Pierre La Roche, the renowned make-up artist whom Jagger personally contacted in order to perform wonders on his face for every concert, right through doctors and accountants, to someone like Newman Elmo ("Ted") Jones III, a crazed Arkansas cowboy-guitar genius who is virtually invaluable

to Keith Richard when it comes to general guitar maintenance and tuning up.

The main organizer of the tour, and probably Jagger's second in-command where all the Stones' affairs are concerned, is Peter Rudge, who has shouted and bullied his way into becoming a highly respected and totally efficient task-master.

"I don't think I've ever worked 'arder than I have during this tour," stated one of the security men form Artistes Services. "Pete Rudge gets the most out of you, but 'e also gets things done. The thing is, though, that this is the quietest bunch I've ever toured with. I mean, you 'ear all these stories about the Rolling Stones bein' this an'that, but they keep 'emselves to 'emselves. Now when I was goin' around with Gary Glitter ..."

The latter statement appears to be true. There have been no actual busts (though at least one plain-clothes policeman was discovered residing in each and every hotel the Stones stayed at in Europe, presumably ready to pounce at any given moment), no hotels destroyed (the only Led Zeppelin-type incident where a hotel room was damaged, actually happened *after* the Stones themselves had vacated the establishment), no tales of grand debauchery and outrage to be gleaned from this tour. Only Keith Richard, easily the wildest member of the band, seems to deviate from the current tradition of the Stones being regarded as true English gents.

Prior to the tour, Richard was made the object of a bout of rumours which claimed that he was either unable to tour again with the Stones or even that he had

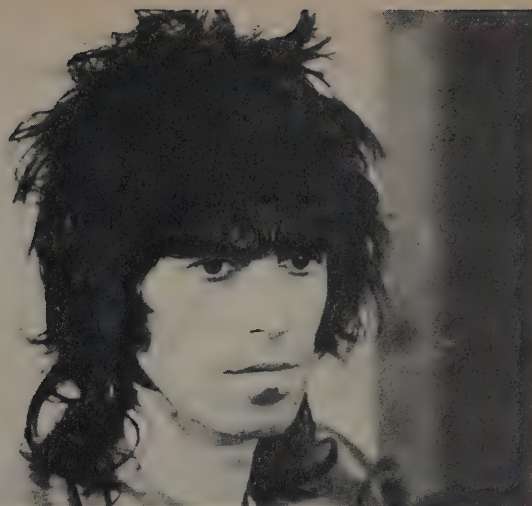


Photos by Mike Putland





Mick Jagger



Keith Richards

been 'ousted' from the band. Keith however appeared onstage at Wembley looking his usual magnificently dishevelled self, hair ratted up and cheek bones as deep as snake-pits, pacing the numbers and fulfilling the contention for many (including a strong faction within the Stones' immediate entourage) that he is now perhaps musically the vital member of the Rolling Stones. Offstage he talks in a stoned but coherent mumble.

"I see my duty within the band now as regards organizing the numbers, starting 'em off and finishing 'em. Sometimes it's great and sometimes I mess it up. I mean, last night I tripped over the leads and dropped my pick twice!"

Mick Taylor is the member of the band currently receiving most attention from the critics who unanimously applauded his peerless guitar work throughout the whole tour. Still shy in a very courteous way, his current acclaim has given him the seal of approval, recognizing him finally as a bonafide member of the Rolling Stones rockin' roll ensemble as well as allowing him to step out of the awesome shadow cast by the late Brian Jones.

"I felt more uncomfortable stepping into Brian Jones' shoes than I did, say, taking over from Clapton and Peter

Green when I joined John Mayall's band. That was hard at first but once I was in control, playing blues stuff got so boring. Playing with the Stones now, though others might think the opposite, has given me more musical freedom of expression than I ever had before."

The actual show is possibly the finest ever all purpose rock 'n roll raunch spectacular where musicianship, pacing, style, visuals, and live charisma are concerned. It's easily the best tour performance-wise, the Stones have ever undertaken. Kicking off the minute the lights go up with Keith's classic rhythm chording for "Brown Sugar", Jagger takes over as front man for that and "Gimme Shelter", backing off for Richard's wasted frame to be captured in the spotlight during "Happy".

"Tumbling Dice" spirals out with Jagger loping around the stage cajoling the audience towards a reaction. "Star-fucker" kicks so much harder than the album track while "Dancing With Mr. D" achieves a sleazy quality live that the recorded version only hints of. "Angie" is tougher live too but still fragile enough for its essence to be imparted to the audience. Both "Doo Doo Doo Doo" and "Silver Train" were at one point used but

more or less dropped as the former "is somehow too complex to come across effectively onstage" while the latter "sounds too much like 'All Down The Line'."

The Stones then move into what many consider to be the tour's 'piece-de resistance' "You Can't Always Get What You Want" which features Jagger's finest vocal performance anywhere and a long passionate guitar solo by Mick Taylor.

Then into "Midnight Rambler" — jagged chords, smoke-screens and Jagger crowing like a demented refugee from one of Tennessee Williams' saltier epics. After that the pressure is raised ever onward — "Honky Tonk Women", "All Down The Line", a manic "Rip This Joint", "Jumpin' Jack Flash", and "Street Fightin' Man". Jagger throws flower-petals and water over himself and the audience, grabs Keith who falls backwards speechlessly spaced on his own adrenalin and the lights go out.

No encore. When the lights reappear the sweat, smoke, and confetti hangs on the stage like dead insects in solid air. The Kings of the Jungle have already disappeared back to their hotel rooms, wives and friends in tow.



Atlantic's formidable press chief Annie Ivil on tour with the Stones pauses for a rare moment to relax with Mick and Rolling Stones' Records artists Kracker ...



... and Mick with Billy Preston.







By John Lemon

MICK RONSON

Plays His Own Guitar

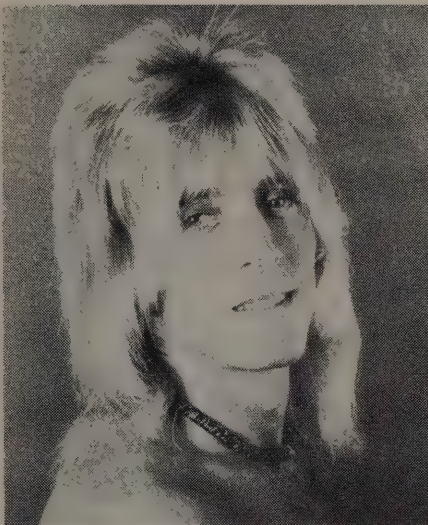
If you've ever been on 10th Avenue and 45th Street in New York City then you know just how desperate things can get. It's always been called Hell's Kitchen, but even that doesn't describe the seamy universe that surrounds you if you get caught on the littered sidewalks after the sun goes down. It's rough, real gangster stuff. The outcasts of this slum rich city trip along, looking at the concrete in front of them ingoring the other lost souls who are shuffling with them from nowhere to nowhere.

In the late 1940's composer Richard Rogers wrote a heaving, discordant instrumental called "Slaughter On Tenth Avenue". Things haven't changed much since then. The song has been heard now and again — originally in Roger's play "On Your Toes", then in the Gene Kelly movie "Words & Music". And now, in the Seventies, the words come back as the title of Mick Ronson's first solo album.

Earlier this year on a cold winter night Mick was on 10th Avenue. Along with his friends — hairdresser Susie Fussey, rock star Wayne County, rock lady Cherry Vanilla, entrepreneur Tony Zanetta — Mick was braving the chill, and 10th Avenue, to capture some of the sleaze and violence of the location for a TV spot which would be used to promote the album by his record company, RCA. Mick is no stranger to tough places and tougher people. He grew up in Hull in England ... a little fishing village on the eastern coast where the kids are all leather boys and fighting is considered a healthy form of recreation after the day's work has been done.

Mick hasn't been back to Hull since he's dyed his hair. Not that he hasn't still got his muscles — anyone who's seen him stripped to the waist working as David Bowie's lead guitarist knows the power of his figure. — It's just that Hull hasn't got what Mick wants. He's been in rock and roll bands since he was twelve, learned how to play piano, violin, guitar, and put a nice song together as he grew, though his parents weren't always ready to approve. Has had plenty of experience and now wants to rock and roll on his own.

Mick's story is an odd one. He's gotten to be twenty four years old in whatever way was open. Like being a gardener at a girl's school. Like having a band called The Rats and then a band called Ronno



(his nickname) and then being the leader of The Spiders From Mars with other Ronno members Trevor Boulder and Woody Woodmansey when an early friendship with David Bowie turned into a musical relationship as Bowie hit the big time.

He's an exciting performer, the first real Seventies Guitarist. He's also very capable at arranging a song and co-producing. Which he did for Bowie's albums and for Lou Reed's Bowie engineered effort. Mick has also been an integral part of Bowie's stage show. Letting Bowie go down on him for what that psycho drama was worth back in 1972. Playing the beauty to Bowie's beast, letting his guitar be the beast to Bowie's beauty. However you shook it up Mick Ronson's been there, kicking his way through the glitter to the front of the stage.

But he's now moved on. Moved to "Slaughter On Tenth Avenue" and the announcement that, professionally speaking, he's not going to be working with Bowie anymore. Except if Bowie does a special show and wants to use him as the guitarist ... well then he'll think about it. His main concern is his own music.

The first album does a lot of things and shows a lot of Mick Ronson. There's Elvis' "Love Me Tender" which will be the first single. There's one Bowie tune: "Growing Up and I'm Fine". Plus three



Photos By Lee Black Childers

tunes by Ronson himself: "Only After Dark", "Pleasure Man", and "Hey Ma, Hey Pa". And a few other goodies.

Mick did the album last August and September in the Chateau de Herouville in the south of France. (The "Honky Chateau" of Elton John fame where, long ago, Chopin had an affair with George Sand). He produced and arranged the album with the help of Trevor Boulder on bass, Aynsley Dunbar on drums, and Mike Garson on keyboards. They're to become his band now that he's a solo star.

Ronson is, at the moment, an unknown quantity. He's done impressive things with Bowie. He has the potential of being a top flight arranger-producer (he plans on working with other artists). He looks real good, plays an expressive guitar, and moves like a superstar. But it may not be easy for him. It never has been, at first, for the top British guitar men. Like Clapton, Beck, and Page he may have to pay a lot of dues before he can step up to the front of the stage and dig into the strings while the audience listens with awe, admiration, and the conviction that before them is a six stringed genius.

Wherever Mick Ronson winds up, he's off to a good start and he's pointing in the right direction. His voice matches his guitar playing and he knows how to make good records. If he doesn't happen it'll be because the time wasn't right, not because he isn't right. Because, of all the possible super guitar players on the scene, Ronson has the most going for him.



BLACK OAK ARKANSAS JIM DANDY- The Blond Flash

By Loraine Alterman



"We ain't your three-piece group that stand flat-footed," says Black Oak Arkansas' lead singer Jim "Dandy" Mangrum. And that is the understatement of the year because anyone who's ever seen the six-piece band of Southerners onstage knows them as a study in fast motion. And the king of all the jumping and dancing and swirling up there on stage is Jim Dandy himself, the blond flash.

The volume of Black Oak's live shows too distinguishes them and as Jim explains in his Southern drawl: "We're up there running and jumping like mad men. You can't play the guitar soft and do what we do. I ain't never seen anybody do it. There's six of us and it does make for an intense level. We're designed to play outside. Our freedom is something which is expressed more casually in the outdoors in the midst of nature.

In smaller buildings it seems more intense because it seems boxed in. A lot of

kids like to box in that energy. They like to swim in it, to feel the pressure, to stand in front of the p.a. and I can't hardly do that."

Why does both the band and the audience want the music to be so loud? Jim answers with some questions: "Why do we seem so crazy when we're onstage? Why do I seem so sane when I'm sitting here? It's like I seem sane when I'm sitting here because I let it out when I'm onstage. I don't talk loud when I'm here because I get it out onstage.

It's like you're trying to reach a lot more people than sitting here. It's not just trying to play loud enough to get through the walls. It's a loudness that comes from the anxiety or the anguish that you've been putting up with. Everyone we play to is a suppressed people. That's why they relate to us."

Many people who consider themselves knowledgeable in the music field are shocked to learn that Black Oak Ar-

kansas is one of the biggest money-earners on the concert circuit today. It's a surprise because they haven't had huge hit records or acquired a lot of gold records, but that's not always how you measure success. Building up a huge audience by constantly working is another way to make it to the big money in rock 'n' roll and that's Black Oak's story.

"We decided to be a people band," explains Jim. "It's not an easy thing to do. It takes a lot of time. We work ten months a year, five or six days a week. In that two months we record an album. We recorded our latest one, "High On The Hog" in Los Angeles and three tunes in Miami. It took us three weeks at the most and we went out and played some gigs the middle week. The album came out really good and then we went to the mountains in Arkansas for a couple of weeks and relaxed because we got a nice place to unwind now.

Photos By Herbert Wise

We got 1300 acres, something that we've been looking for a long time. And the people got it for us. It's been like everybody's been wondering what's going on with us. They were on the outside looking in because us and the people got a relationship which is very intense."

Although in most of the country the band is a solid headlining act in big arenas, the northeast remained their last area to break and Boston was the toughest market to crack. As Jim notes: "We're kind of crude and I can't blame them."

We're trying to work towards something they can enjoy. We're trying to get the edge off of our crudeness. Of course, we come from the cotton patch and they got to understand that. We're kind of the real thing. It's always been a high energy raw kind of thing. A lot of people have been into a lot of different things since a while back when the bubble busted with the Beatles and a lot of different people.

They've gone into darkness and mystery and easy listening and all kinds of things. Rock 'n' roll's been back there kind of surviving. It's still got a big audience and sells records. We want to please everybody. I don't mean take our edge off completely. There's no way to do that. We are what we are.

The crudeness is going to be there always. I'm talking about taking it off in the studio which I think we've achieved with our latest album. "We tried to make it a very versatile album. We have something on there to please everybody. That's what we've tried to achieve. One song is an instrumental called 'Moonshine Sonata' which I'm so pleased about the way it's executed."

We call this album 'High On The Hog' because we feel like we are high on the hog. Every song on there is kind of shining that way although they're all different. We showed a lot of our past, a lot of our future hopes and dreams but the sound is right now. We got a song on

there 'Jim Dandy' which is an old song, 20-years-old, that LaVerne Baker did on Atlantic.

It's turned into a real humper and everybody's real excited about it. Atlantic's been wanting me to do it for a while. They had it and nobody had done it and it's back in the beginning of rock 'n' roll and I was the only Jim Dandy running around."

Actually Jim thinks that his daddy gave him his nickname because of that song. It came out when he was about five-years-old and that's about when Jim recalls his father began calling him "Jim Dandy".

The fact that Black Oak hasn't had a big number one hit record doesn't bother Jim too much. As he says: "I'm concerned — bothered isn't the word because nothing really bothers us. We're not too worried about nothing except our own happiness which we learned if you know yourself, that's the key to happiness. We've all worked real hard at knowing each other and ourselves. We've got all the land and everything we've ever wanted and it looks like everything is fixing to bust wide open for us."

The land they own in Heaven, Ark., would seem to be perfect for a studio, but so far that's just in the talking stage. "We are very much a road band," says Jim. "We aren't at the point where we can record where we want to. We have to record where we can. We hope someday to have a studio up there though. We've talked about it because we have a building we can make into a rehearsal hall and studio. We've got a real majestic place."

It's like a fairy tale. We all live in 11 cottages that are in a half circle surrounded by 15-foot oak fence which we put up for our own privacy. It's become kind of intense up there. They think we're on the moon. They ain't never had anybody they can call their own celebrities or whatever in Arkansas except for Johnny Cash and Glen Campbell."

Being on the road so much hasn't made Black Oak one of those bands that can't stand the sight of each other's faces. "We've been side by side for ten years," explains Jim. "We've been together ever since we were kids running around together and we've been through thick and thin, and through busts and getting out of the army to making it in our own world. We learned to find individualism isn't necessarily to totally escape from the tribal unit because there are people that believe in the same things. If they do, there ain't no sense in spreading out. We have individualism."

We have our own houses now. That took us time. We lived in the same house for a long time but we're working on having a valley too. We have the valley but we're working on having houses built in it where it can be a big complex. We'll call it Midden Valley. We now have to get even farther away from people. It's getting to where they're coming out of the woods now and that's not so good when we're not there because some of our ladies have just had a couple of babies newborn and the families are spreading out."

Because band members had suspended prison sentences for some robberies in their teen years, they had been unable to get passports and travel to England like a lot of other American bands. But now they're sentences are up and they're getting together a spring British tour which they're all looking forward to.

"We never been a hype band," concludes Jim. "Everybody says if you want to be a people band let them discover you. That's why it's been a long gradual climb, building up momentum the whole time. Our main thing is keeping everybody we get and adding on new ones as we go along. We're always trying to find ways to please young and old, the teacher and the preacher, the murderer and the criminal, the outlaws. We're trying to find a way to get across to everybody and have them all enjoy something in common."



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YOU'RE SO UNIQUE

(As recorded by Billy Preston)

**BILLY PRESTON
JOE GREENE**

Never had the pleasure of loving you
Nothing girl can measure with all I do
You're ev'rything that I desire
All of the good thoughts I have baby you
inspire.

All because you're so unique baby
I can't help but love you girl
None can compete girl with you
Yoo hoo, yoo hoo
Baby, girl, girl.

You're so delicious to my taste
Girl let me hold you tightly around your
waist
Attentively listen to what I say
I'm gonna love you girl, girl in a special
way.

All because you're so unique baby
I can't help but love you girl
None can compete girl with you
Yoo hoo, yoo hoo
Baby, girl, girl.

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YOU'RE SIXTEEN

(As recorded by Ringo Starr)

**BOB SHERMAN
DICK SHERMAN**

Ooh, you came out of a dream
Peaches and cream
Lips like strawberry wine
You're sixteen, you're beautiful, and
you're mine.

You're all ribbons and curls
Ooh, what a girl
Eyes that twinkle and shine
You're sixteen, you're beautiful, and
you're mine.

You're my baby, you're my pet
We fell in love on the night we met
You touched my hand, my heart went
'pop'
And ooh, when we kissed we could not
stop
You walked out of my dreams into my
arms

Now you're my angel divine
You're sixteen, you're beautiful and
you're mine.

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TEENAGE LAMENT '74

(As recorded by Alice Cooper)

**A. COOPER
N. SMITH**

What a drag these gold, lame jeans
Is the, the coolest way of getting
through your teens
Well I cut my hair weird
I heard that it was in
I look like a rooster that was drowned
and raised again.

What are you gonna do?
Tell ya what I'm gonna do!
Why don't you get away
I'm gonna live today.

I ran into my room and I fell down on my
knees
Well I thought that fifteen was gonna
be a breeze
I picked up my guitar, to blast away the
clouds
Somebody in the next room said you
gotta turn that damn thing down.

I know trouble is brewing out there but I
can hardly care
They fought all night about private
secretary, lip stick stams, blond hair.

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DARK LADY

(As recorded by Cher)

JOHN DURRILL

The fortune queen of New Orleans
Was brushing her cat in her black
limousine

And on the back seat were scratches
from the marks of men

Her fortune she'd won
You couldn't see through the tinted
glass

As she said "Home James"
And he hit the gas
I followed her to some darkened room
She took my money
She said "I'll be with you soon".

Dark lady laughed and danced
And lit the candles one by one
Danced to her gypsy music
Till her brew was down
Dark lady played black magic
Till the clock struck on the twelfth
She told me more about me than I knew
myself.

She dealt two cards, a queen and a
three

And mumbled some words that were so
strange to me

And then she turned up a two-eyed jack
My eyes saw red but the card still stayed
black

She said the jack's your lover who is
secretly true to a red-eyed woman who
is very close to you

My advice is that you leave this place
Never come back and forget you ever
saw my face.

(Repeat chorus)

So I ran home and crawled in bed
I couldn't sleep because of all the things
she said

Then I remembered her strange per-
fume

And how I smelled it once in my own
very room

So I sneaked back and caught her with
my man

Laughing and kissing till they saw the
gun in my hand

They begged for their lives and I lost my
nerve

To shoot them both would be more than
they deserve.

(Repeat chorus)

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I SHALL SING

(As recorded by Art Garfunkel)

VAN MORRISON

La la la la
La la la la

I shall sing, sing my song
Be it right, be it wrong
In the night, in the day
Any how, any way
I shall sing.

La la la la
La la la la

With my heart, with my soul
For the young, for the old
When I'm high, when I'm low
When I'm fast, when I'm slow
Whoah, I shall sing.

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BOOGIE DOWN

(As recorded by Eddie Kendricks)

FRANK WILSON
LEONARD CASTON
ANITA POREE

Boogie boogie down baby
Mmm boogie baby
Let's boogie down
I'm bad enough to make an elephant fly
I'm gonna hook you on a natural high
And I know I can satisfy
Hey I wanna love you
Kiss and hug you baby tonight
Make you feel alright
Boogie down (boogie down)
(Boogie down baby)
Boogie boogie down baby
Boogie boogie down baby
Um have mercy
Boogie boogie down baby
Boogie down boogie down baby
Go downtown gonna mess around ah
Hua hua hua boogie down mmm.

Go down like a hound
Gonna sniff around ah
Hua hua hua boogie down
I'll find you girl
Love you up and down ah
Hua hua hua boogie down
Boogie hey hey yall
Boogie down baby
Boogie down
Boogie down baby
Ooh my mercy.

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WILL YOU LOVE ME TOMORROW?

(As recorded by Melanie)

GERRY GOFFIN
CAROLE KING

Tonight you're mine completely
You give your love so sweetly
Tonight the light of love is in your eyes
But will you love me tomorrow?

Is this a lasting treasure
Or just a moment's pleasure?
Can I believe the magic of your sighs?
Will you still love me tomorrow?

Tonight, with words unspoken
You say that I'm the only one
But will my heart be broken
When the night meets the morning sun?
I'd like to know that your love
Is love I can be sure of
So tell me now and I won't ask again
Will you still love me tomorrow?
Will you still love me tomorrow?

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MIDNIGHT RIDER

(As recorded by Gregg Allman)

GREGG ALLMAN
K. PAYNE

Well I've got to run to keep from hiding
And I'm bound to keep on riding
And I've got one more silver dollar
But I'm not gonna let 'em catch me, no,
not gonna let 'em catch the Midnight
Rider.

And I don't own the clothes I'm wearing
And the road goes on forever
And I've got one more silver dollar
But I'm not gonna let 'em catch me, no,
not gonna let 'em catch the Midnight
Rider.

And I've gone by the point of caring
Some old bed I'll soon be sharing
And I've got one more silver dollar
But I'm not gonna let 'em catch me no,
not gonna let 'em catch the Midnight
Rider.

No, I'm not gonna let 'em catch me, no,
not gonna let 'em catch the Midnight
Rider.

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(Now And Then, There's) A FOOL SUCH AS I

(As recorded by Bob Dylan)

BILL TRADER

Now and then, there's a fool such as I.

Pardon me if I'm sentimental when we say goodbye

Don't be angry, don't be angry with me, should I cry

When you're gone I will dream a little, dream as years go by

Now and then, there's a fool, a fool such as I.

Now and then, there's a fool such as I am over you

You taught me how to love and now you say that we are through

I'm a fool, but I'll love you, dear, yes I will until the day I die

Now and then, there's a fool such as I.

Pardon me, pardon me, if I'm sentimental when we say goodbye
Don't be angry, don't be angry with me, should I cry

When you're gone, when you're gone I will dream a little, I will dream as years go by

Now and then, now and then, there's a fool, a fool such as I.

Now and then, there's a fool, a fool such as I am over you

You taught me how to love and now you say that we are through

I'm a fool yes but I love you, dear, I will love you dear until, until the day I die

Now and then, now and then, there's a fool, a fool such as I

Now and then, there's a fool such as I

Now and then, there's a fool such as I

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INSPIRATION

(As recorded by Paul Williams)

PAUL WILLIAMS
KENNETH ASCHER

Here comes inspiration walkin' through the door

Bringin' back a thousand dreams I thought I'd lost for sure
Monday Mama sure looks good to me.

You bring me up when my luck runs bad
You don't get mad you don't blame it on me

And you stick by me through the thinnest times

You solve my crimes and yet you let me run free

Oh eight to fivin's just survivin'
That's no way to live

The weeks get crazy the weekends lazy
By Sunday night you're walkin' out
By Monday noon we've worked it out

And you oh bounce right back for another try
It's do or die

Monday Mama you're mine.

Oh eight to fivin's just survivin'
That's no way to live

The weeks get crazy the weekends lazy
By Sunday night you're walkin' out
By Monday noon we've worked it out

And you oh bounce right back for another try
It still won't die

Monday Mama you're mine

Inspiration you're fine

Monday Mama you're mine.

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LET ME GET TO KNOW YOU

(As recorded by Paul Anka)

PAUL ANKA

Let me get to know you
Help me make it last
Help me spare the moment
Good things go so fast

Love, love, love
We found love together in each other
Oh we found love.

Let me kiss you slowly
There upon your mouth
Let me get to know you
North, east, west and south
Love, love, love

We found love together in each other
Oh we found love.

Loving you comes easy with someone like you

Skin to skin you please me
I hope I please you too
Love, love, love

We found love together in each other
Oh we found love.

Let me build you rainbows, keep you from the rain

Fill your world with sunshine
Time and time again
Love, love, love

We found love together in each other
Oh we found love?

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WE READ YOUR MAIL

(continued from page 6)

bons — lead guitar, Dusty Hill — bass, and Rube Beard — drums.

The band is ZZ Top and they're fantastic. Other bands of a lot less popularity have made your mag, why shouldn't ZZ Top? I'd really appreciate an article on them if possible. If you ever have a chance to see them in concert, don't pass it up! ZZ Top fans, unite!

Thanks,
Steve Wilson
Beaumont, Texas

Etc.

Dear Editor:

In your February 74 issue you said that Alice Cooper's "Maiden name" was "Vincent Furnier". After I read that I began to think that I have heard of a different name. So I looked through my old Hit Paraders. And just as I thought I did find a different name in the July 73 issue. In that issue under "Alice Cooper, an exclusive interview" you had his name as "Ozzie Nelson". Which is the real Alice Cooper? Is his name Vincent Furnier or Ozzie Nelson?

Evelyn Kuhl
Claresholdm, Alberta, Canada

Dear Editor:

I just read a letter in your magazine that says there is a rumor that Alice Cooper's real name is Vernon Hardipp; that Alice Cooper is his mother's maiden name and that his family is distantly related to actor Gary Cooper. No so. Cooper's mother's maiden last name may be Cooper (I doubt it) but her first name is Ella. Cooper's real name is Vincent Furnier. He has been quoted as saying he chose the name Alice Cooper because it sounds so All-American. His family may or may not be related to Gary Cooper, about that I don't know.

An Alice Cooper Group Fan
Carol Oberlitrer
Benson, Arizona

Dear Editor:

I'm sixteen years old and have been a Led Zeppelin fan for quite a while now. But having not yet been to see them in concert have been hearing that they're awful in concert because they're all doped up and don't really care how they play just so they're making lots of money from it. Please set me straight on this! Also could you please send me some information on Robert Plant (Led Zeppelin) such as his age, weight, height, and if he's married or not?

Thank you,
Julie
Covina, California

Led Zeppelin are very serious about their music and as someone who has seen them live and adored them, all I can say is that they are most definitely not doped out. — Ed. P.S. Robert is 25 years old, weighs about 165 lbs, is 6 feet tall and is married to Maureen.

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simple		a	s	y	
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OFFICIAL ENTRY PUZZLE

\$31,000 CASH AWARD
ANIMAL CONTEST

JOY, PT. 1

(As recorded by Isaac Hayes)

ISAAC HAYES

Every morning when I rise baby
I look into your sexy eyes baby
Your loves refreshing's good to me baby
There's no other place I'd rather be baby
What a way to start each day
Oh yeah yeah yeah.

Cause you're my joy
You're everything to me-e-e-e-e
And you show me how good a wife can
be-e-e-e-e
Lips to lips
Heart to heart
Ain't no way
That we'll ever part.

Sweetness was made for you sugar
And loveliness becomes you too honey
Dedication is your thing mama
You are ever true to your man baby
You're the only woman that thrills me

through and through
And I never thought that lover
I searched this whole world through
Oh no no no.
(Repeat chorus)

Now you know why I smile all the time
baby
You give me such peace of mind honey
Heartaches and pain is a thing of the
past baby
I found happiness that lasts mama
Anything you want I'll gladly give to
you
Cause you never denied me once
That's why I love you true
Oh yeah yeah yeah.
(Repeat chorus)

Keep on lovin' me
Keep on teasin' me
Keep on groovin' me.

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RAINBOW SONG

(As recorded by America)

DEWEY BUNNELL

Window frames, a picture of winter
time within my room
Sometimes then I laugh at the funny
times we had in school.
Blowing leaves, broken dreams,
seventeen, dancing green, dancing
green

I am asleep on a rainbow
Hoping for the rest of the ride.
Can you feel it moving inside of you
Can you let it go?
The purple ghost of England in winter
time
And who I used to know.
(Repeat chorus)

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WANG DANG DOODLE

(As recorded by the Pointer Sisters)

WILLIE DIXON

Tell Automatic Slim
Tell Ram's Dopey Jim
Tell Butch and I've told old Annie
Tell fast talkin' Fannie
We're gonna pitch a ball
Down to that union hall
We're gonna romp and tromp till mid-
night
We're gonna fuss and fight till daylight.
We're gonna pitch a wang dang doodle
all night long
All night long
All night long
All night long.

Tell Poodle I'll tell him here
Tell Albert I'll see him near
Tell old Pistol Pete
Ev'rybody's gonna meet
Tonight we need no rest
We're really gonna throw a mess
We're gonna break out all the windows
We're gonna kick down all the doors.
(Repeat chorus)

Tell Fats and Washboard Sam
That ev'rybody's gonna jam
Just shake it, Box Car Joe
We got sawdust on the floor
Tell Chicken Head till I die
We're gonna have a time
When the fish head fills the air
We buff juice ev'rywhere.
(Repeat chorus)

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THE WAY WE WERE (From The Columbia Pic- ture, Rastar Production "The Way We Were")

(As recorded by Barbra Streisand)

ALAN BERGMAN
MARILYN BERGMAN
MARVIN HAMLISCH

Mem'ries light the corners of my mind
Misty water color mem'ries of the way
we were
Scattered pictures of the smiles we left
behind
Smiles we gave to one another for the
way we were
Mem'ries may be beautiful, and yet
What's too painful to remember.

Can it be that it was all so simple then
Or has time re-written ev'ry line?
If we had the chance to do it all again,
tell me would we?
Could we?
We simply choose to forget
So it's the laughter we will remember
Whenever we remember the way we
were
The way we were.

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HANGIN' AROUND

(As recorded by Edgar Winter Group)

DAN HARTMAN
EDGAR WINTER

Driving along with my radio on, feeling
good
Ain't got no lady but maybe I'm thin-
king I could
I slept all day, nothin' to do
And I don't see the world going by
And I don't even have to try
I'm just hangin' around
Oh yeah.

Thought I was cool when I dropped out
of school, it was great yeah
Could have gone crazy but I was too
lazy to wait

So I'm driving along all alone
And I don't see the world going by
And I don't even have to try
I'm just hangin' 'round.

I'm driving along all alone yeah
And I don't see the world going by
And I don't even have to try
No I don't see the world going by
And I don't even have to try
I'm just hangin' around
Ooh baby
Just hangin' around.

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MEADOWS

(As recorded by Joe Walsh)

JOE WALSH
PATRICK CULLIE

Can't think of any reason
Don't know exactly why
Must be it's out of season
Give it another try
Some things are left unspoken
Some things are handed down
The circle stands unbroken
Sending it back around
I'm out here in the meadow
Part of an old stone wall
Stand here because he said so
Waiting around to fall
I've seen you roll in clover
Dressed for a scarecrow bail
Too bad the dance is over
Nothing to show at all
Can't help but feel uncertain
Knowing which way to turn
They want to raise the curtain
And you holding the words to learn.

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A LOVE SONG

(As recorded by Anne Murray)

KENNY LOGGINS
DONA LYN GEORGE

There's a wren in a willow wood
Flies so high, sings so good
And he brings to you what he sings to
you
And the love in his lullaby seemed to
tell me
If I try I could fly for you
And man I want to try for you.

I want to sing you a love song
I want to rock you in my arms all night
long
I want to get to know you
I want to show you the peaceful feelin'
of my home.

Summer thunder on moon bright days
Northern lights in skies a-blaze
I'll bring to you
If you'll let me sing to you
Silver wings in a fiery sky
Show the trail of my love
And I want to sing to you
Love is what I bring to you
I want to sing to you oh.
(Repeat chorus)

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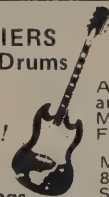
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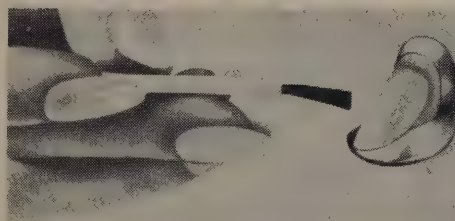
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SPIDERS AND SNAKES

(As recorded by Jim Stafford)

JIM STAFFORD
DAVID BELLAMY

I remember when Mary Lou said she
wanted to walk me home from school
Well I said yes I do
She said I don't have to go right home
And I would kinda like to be alone some
if you would
I said me too
And so we took a stroll and wound up
down by the swimming hole
And she said do what you want to do
I got silly and found a frog in the water
by a hollow log
And I shook it at her and I said this frog's
for you.

She said I don't like spiders and snakes
And that ain't what it takes to love me
You fool, fool

I don't like spiders and snakes
And that ain't what it takes to love me
Like I wanna be loved by you.

Well I took out that girl from time to
time

I called her up when I got a dime
I said hello baby
She said ain't you cool
Said do you remember when
And would you like to get together
again
She said I'll see you after school
I was shy and so for awhile most of my
love was touch and smile
So she said come on over here
I was nervous as you might guess
Still looking for something to slip down
her dress
And she said let's make it perfectly
clear.
(Repeat chorus)

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STAR

(As recorded by Steelers Wheel)

JOE EGAN

So they made you a star
Now your head's in a cloud
Now you're walking down the street
With your feet off the ground.

They read in the press all about your
success
They believe every word they've been
told
After all you've been through
Tell me what will you do when you find
yourself out in the cold
Oh tell me oh tell me.

When you appear on the stage
There's a standing ovation
You really live out your performance
You're the biggest sensation.

You breeze thru the door
And when you take the floor you expect
to have it all to yourself
After all you've been through
Tell me what will you do
When you find yourself back on the
shelf
Oh tell me oh tell me oo.

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DOO DOO DOO DOO DOO (Heartbreaker)

(As recorded by Rolling Stones)

MICK JAGGER
KEITH RICHARD

The police in New York City chased a
boy right through the dark
And in a case of mistaken identity
They put a bullet through his heart
Heartbreaker
With your 44s

I wanna tear your world apart
Heartbreaker
With your 44s

I wanna tear your world apart.
A ten-year-old girl on a street corner
Sticking needles in her arm
She died in the dirt of the alley way
Her mother said she had no chance

No chance
Heartbreaker
Heartbreaker
She stuck the pins right in her heart
Heartbreaker
Pain maker
Her mother said she had no chance.

Doo doo doo doo doo
Doo doo doo doo doo
Doo doo doo doo doo

Heartbreaker
Heartbreaker
You stole the love right out of my heart
Heartbreaker
Heartbreaker
I wanna tear the world apart.

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LAST TIME I SAW HIM

(As recorded by Diana Ross)

MICHAEL MASSER
PAMELA SAWYER

Last time I saw him he sweetly kissed
my lips
Last time I saw him he said "I'll be back
for more of this"
Last time I saw him we were cryin' at
the bus
I knew he hated leavin' but he had to
set us up
I gave him money I know I invested well
Mama doesn't trust him but he loves me
I can tell
Each day the greyhound arrives at nine
o'clock
But I don't start my cryin' till that last

man's gotten off
Last time I saw him
Last time I saw my honey
Last time I saw him he was greyhound
bound
But I'm still waiting here without a fear
that bus will someday turn around.

I had no letter it's been six months
maybe better
I try forgetting him but I love him more
than ever
I have decided I've waited long enough
If there was nothin' wrong he would
return right on that bus
There must be trouble so I'm leavin' on
the double

If he can't get to me I know he needs me
desperately
Last time I saw him
Last time I saw my honey
Last time I saw him he was lookin' fine
and as he waved goodbye
He said don't cry I'm comin' back come
rain or shine.

Last time I saw him
Last time I saw my honey
Last time I saw him he was greyhound
bound
And as he waved goodbye he said don't
cry honey
I'm comin' back rain or shine

Da da da da la de da
La da do do la da da da da da
Last time I saw him he was lookin' fine
and as he waved goodbye
He said don't cry honey I'm comin' back
rain or shine hey.

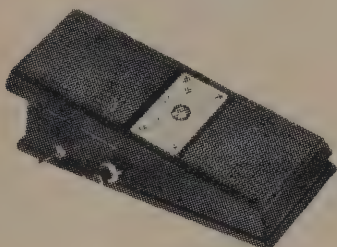
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Big Muff π This fine distortion device is high on sustain and low on distortion. It is designed for the guitarist who wants his axe to sing like a hummingbird, with a sweet violin-like sustaining sound. The sustain control allows you to optimize long sustain with a hint of harmonic distortion. Jimi Hendrix relied on the Big Muff for his smooth, mellow, supple electric lady sound.



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LPB-1 This linear power booster is a compact solid state preamplifier that can up to quadruple the acoustic output of any amplifier. It will increase guitar sustain and improve the performance of all wah-wah pedals and distortion units.

Screaming Bird A treble booster that will give your instrument the razor sharp cut of a screeching harpsichord whose strings are whipped instead of plucked. Use two Birds and turn your guitar into an electric banjo.

Muff This funkiest distortion device will give you that dirty sound reminiscent of the natural distortion of the tube amps used by the Rhythm 'n Blues bands of yesteryear.

Mole The mole bass booster will extract the highs and amplify the subharmonics, giving your instrument the depth, resonance and heavy penetration of the foot pedals of a church pipe organ.

Ego This microphone booster is designed for the vocalist whose PA system isn't strong enough to cut through the noise generated by the other members of the band. The Ego will match any microphone and up to quadruple the output of your PA system.



Floor Boosters

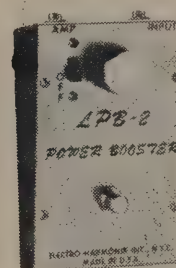
A new generation of boosters down on the floor with handy heavy-duty foot operated switch. Cut in or out without dropping a note. Add flash, depth, and range to your live performance.

LPB-2 Beef up your amplifier to 10 times the normal power with a tromp of your foot with this floor controlled version of the famous LPB 1 Power Booster. All amplifiers are overdesigned to handle the most powerful pickups, so the LPB 2 will allow you to tap the power implied in your amplifier.

Screaming Tree Howling high highs! This foot operated treble booster based on the legendary Screaming Bird is a must for lead guitarists! Gives you a razor-sharp attack that cuts through ANYTHING!

Little Muff Funky, dirty, fuzzy sound like the 1950's "garage recording" sound. Get that tube amp tone with the touch of a toe!

Hogs Foot Swamp bottom bass for the professional bass player. Thick, heavy penetration makes this an optimum tool for the blues player. Tromp your sound into the ground with heavy-duty foot switch.



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LINCOLN CHASE

Jim Dandy to the rescue
Jim Dandy to the rescue
Jim Dandy to the rescue
Go Jim Dandy
Go, go Jim Dandy.

Jim Dandy on a mountain top
Thirty thousand feet to drop
Spied a lady on a runaway horse

Ah ha that's right of course
Jim Dandy to the rescue
Go Jim Dandy
Go Jim Dandy.

Jim Dandy met a girl named Sue
She was feelin' kind of blue
Jim Dandy is the kind of guy never liked
to see a little girl cry
Jim Dandy to the rescue
Go Jim Dandy

Jim Dandy in a submarine
Got a message from a mermaid queen
She was hanging from a fishing line

Jim Dandy didn't waste no time
Jim Dandy to the rescue
Go Jim Dandy
Go Jim Dandy.

Jim Dandy wanted to go to Maine
Got a ticket on a D.C. plane
Jim Dandy didn't need no suit
He was hip and a-ready to boot

Jim Dandy to the rescue
Go Jim Dandy, go Jim Dandy
Go Jim Dandy
Go, go, go Jim Dandy
Go, go, go Jim Dandy
Go, go, go Jim Dandy
Come on Jim Dandy.

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LET YOUR HAIR DOWN

(As recorded by the Temptations)

NORMAN WHITFIELD

Well get down na na higher high
Let your hair down
Doctor and lawyer get up and let your
reputation sit awhile
Hey let your hair down
Mister businessman let it down
All work and no play makes Jack a dull
boy

Hey mister businessman you're always
on the go
You've made your fortune yet you're
working harder than ever before
All those pills you're taking daily will
never see you through

'Cause none of them are prescribed for
what's really ailing you
It don't take no doctor Lord to see what
you got
Your life has turned into one great big
knot.

Hey let your hair down
Can you let it down
Let it down, let it down
Get up and let your reputation sit
awhile
Let your hair down

Don't you ever be ashamed of what
you're doing
All work and no play makes Jack a dull
boy
Hey hey hey.

How do you do Ms. Sedite
Uptight you look such a pity
I have some advice for you
Take this record in your room
Lock the door and get the broom

Let it down, let it down, let your hair
down
Let it down, let it down, let it down
Let it all the way down

All you gotta do is let the music take
your mind
Show your partner anything they can do
You can do better
Anything they can do, you can do better
This is the part of the song where the
horns take the throne
Dum dum dum dum dum
Let it down, let it down, let it down,
don't crowd.

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I LIKE TO LIVE THE LOVE

(As recorded by B.B. King)

DAVE CRAWFORD
CHARLES MANN

My song is a serious matter
It reflects what I feel
If I say I love you I mean it
Cause in my song every line is for real
Every man or woman enjoys going
home to a peaceful situation
To give love and receive love without
any complications
Whether my lyrics are weak or strong
Oh I like to live the love I sing about in
my song
Music is love and my love is music in
perfect harmony
So when I sing I have sung all about the
love of you and me
I've never gotten angry with my guitar
Cause when I strike a chord it gives me
what I want to hear
So I'm finding out that we are quite like
my song
Together my dear.

Outside interests should always be for-
bidden
Problems should be solved and never
hidden.

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CAN THIS BE REAL

(As recorded by Natural Four)

J. HUTSON
L. HUTSON
M. HAWKINS

I've always been the kind of guy
Who could handle almost anything
I've had money and cars expensive girls
in bars and I've always had my own
song to sing
Ah, but you come along changed the
sound of my song
And I never, ever felt like this before

Tell me, can this be real
This love I feel in my heart for you baby
Ah can it really be true.

You changed my life so suddenly
I don't know if this is me or not
But I like the new me

My new identity, don't you ever let the
curtain drop
Sometimes I try to resist you girl
Aw, but that would just take more than
I've got
Can this be real?

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MY MUSIC

(As recorded by Loggins & Messina)

JIM MESSINA
KEN LOGGINS

Hey little girl won't you meet me at the
school yard gate
I got backstage passes to the biggest
show in town
So honey don't you make me be late
If we leave a little early and we hurry
We can get in with the band
And little Timmy Schmidt has got his old
man's van
So let's get to gettin' while the gettin' is
right
And roll with the rhythm tonight.

God knows that I love my music
Ain't no one gonna change my tune
Don't cha know that I love my music

Ain't never gonna change my tune.

Hey little girl want-a dance with you all
night long
The music's got me buzzin' and I feel
pretty loose
I feel the rhythm and it's comin' on
strong
Let me lay a little wisdom on you baby
There's power in the sound
With everybody jumpin' we can bring
the house down
So let's get to gettin' while the gettin' is
right
And roll with the rhythm tonight.

God knows that I love my music
Ain't no one gonna change my tune
Don't cha know that I love my music
Ain't never gonna change my tune.
Do do do do do do do do

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WALK LIKE A MAN

(As recorded by Grand Funk Railroad)

MARK FARNER
DONALD BREWER

Walk like a man, talk like a man
Walk like a man, hey baby you can call
me your man.

Little girl ask me, what am I gonna do
When I get old and blue and worn clear
through
And I say by that time I ought to be in
my prime
I'm gonna strut like a cock until I'm
ninety-nine.

Walk like a man, talk like a man
Walk like a man, hey baby you can call
me your man.

Sometimes I feel it's gettin' late
In life all that settlin' down can wait
Till my routine days all seem the same
Right now gotta get out, gotta make my
game.

Walk like a man, talk like a man
Walk like a man, hey baby you can call
me your man.

Walk like a man, talk like a man
Walk like a man, hey baby you can call
me your man.

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ABRA-CA-DABRA

(As recorded by the DeFranco Family)

TIM MARTIN
WALT MESKELL

Don't ya know I get a magical feelin'
Ev'ry time you're near
And it always sets me rockin' and
reelin'
When you disappear
You keep me wond'rin' just how good it
could be
Don't ya know it feels like magic, baby
What you're doin' to me.

Abra-ca-dabra
Ala-ka-zam
Abra-ca-dabra
Look where I am
You got me believin' in things I didn't
before
Abra-ca-dabra
Won't you show me some more.

Show me now, show me now
Show me now now now
Abra-ca-dabra
Ala-ka-zam
Abra-ca-dabra
Look where I am.

Don't ya know ya got a spell on me baby
I don't know what to do
Half the time I'm full 'a all kinds 'a crazy
daydreams over you
No use explainin' what those feelin's
could be
Don't ya know it feels like magic, baby
When you give 'em to me.

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AMERICAN TUNE

(As recorded by Paul Simon)

PAUL SIMON

Many's the time I've been mistaken
And many times confused
Yes, and often felt forsaken
And certainly misused
But I'm all right, I'm all right

I'm just weary to my bones
Still, you don't expect to be
Bright and bon vivant
So far away from home, so far away
from home.

And I don't know a soul who's not been
battered
I don't have a friend who feels at ease
I don't know a dream that's not been
shattered or driven to its knees
But it's all right, it's all right

We've lived so well so long
Still, when I think of the road we're
traveling on
I wonder what went wrong
I can't help it, I wonder what went
wrong.

And I dreamed I was dying
And I dreamed that my soul rose unex-
pectedly
And looking back down at me
Smiled reassuringly

And I dreamed I was flying
And high up above my eyes could
clearly see
The Statue of Liberty
Sailing away to sea
And I dreamed I was flying.

We come on the ship they call the
Mayflower
We come on the ship that sailed the
moon
We come in the age's most uncertain
hour and sing an American tune

But it's all right, it's all right
You can't be forever blessed
Still, tomorrow's going to be another
working day
And I'm trying to get some rest
That's all I'm trying to get some rest.

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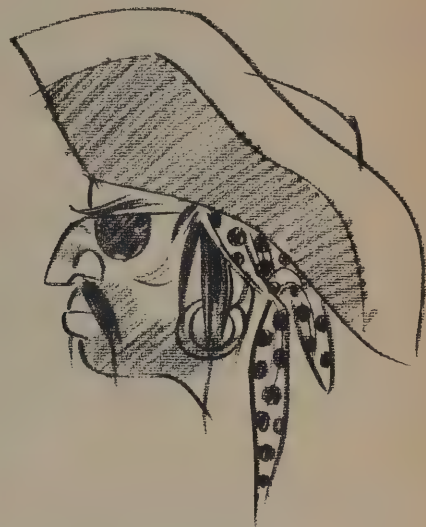
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PUT YOUR HANDS TOGETHER

(As recorded by The O'Jays)

KENNETH GAMBLE
LEON HUFF

Put your hands together
Put your hands together and let us pray
We've got to pray for all the brothers,
sons that I had
Pray for all the sisters that's doin' the
best she can
Let us pray that tomorrow there'll be a
better day to come
Yeh we gotta put our forces together
Sing a song so loud, so clear

Let the birds in the trees hum along with
me

Sweet harmony
Let it thunder, let it lightning, let it rain,
let it rain, let it rain
We're gonna sing Lordy hallelujah
So the whole wide world can hear.

Put your hands together
Put your hands together and let us pray
We've got to pray for all the people who
are sleepin' in the street
Pray for all the people who don't have
enough to eat
Let us pray that tomorrow there'll be a
better day to come yeh
We gotta put our forces together

Sing a song so loud, so clear
Let the birds in the trees hum along with

me
Sweet harmony
Let it thunder, let it lightning, let it rain,
let it rain, let it rain
We're gonna sing Lordy hallelujah
So the whole wide world can hear.

Cause we're gonna sing Lordy hallelu-
jah right here, right now
I said we're gonna sing Lordy hallelujah
well, well hallelujah well
C'mon, c'mon, c'mon
Put your hands together.

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Music.

UNTIL YOU COME BACK TO ME (That's What I'm Gonna Do)

(As recorded by Aretha Franklin)

STEVIE WONDER
CLARENCE PAUL
MORRIS BROADNAX

Though you don't call any more
I sit and wait in vain
I guess I'll rap on your door
Tap on your window pane
I want to tell you baby the changes I've
been going through missing you
Until you come back to me that's what
I'm gonna do.
Why did you have to decide you had to
set me free
I'm gonna swallow my pride and beg
you to please see me
I'm gonna walk by myself to prove that
my love is true all for you
Until you come back to me that's what
I'm gonna do.
Living for you my dear is like living in a
world of constant fear
Hear my plea
I've gotta make you see that our love is
dying
Your phone you ignore
Somehow I must explain
I'll have to rap on your door tap on your
window pane
I'm gonna camp by your steps until I get
through to you
Change your view
Until you come back to me that's what
I'm gonna do
Until you come back to me that's what
I'm gonna do
I'm gonna tap on your window pane
Don't wanna wait in vain.

THE RIVER OF LOVE

(As recorded by B.W. Stevenson)

DANIEL MOORE

What do I do when I wanna get a hold
on you
What do I say to make you come around
my way
Do you believe we should let each other
know
When we want to flow down the river
Sail down the river
The sweet, sweet river of love
Flow down the river
Sail down the river
The sweet, sweet river of love.

What do you do when you want to get a
hold on me
You know that I fall in love so easily
Do you believe we should let each other
know
When we want to flow down the river
Sail down the river
The sweet, sweet river of love
Flow down the river
Sail down the river
The sweet, sweet river of love.

I want you to know you can always
count on me
To stop what I'm doing and keep you
company
Do we believe we should let each other
know
When we want to flow down the river
Sail down the river
The sweet, sweet river of love
Flow down the river
Sail down the river
The sweet, sweet river of love.

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I'VE GOT TO USE MY IMAGINATION

(As recorded by Gladys Knight & The
Pips)

GERRY GOFFIN
BARRY GOLDBERG

I've really got to use my imagination
To think of good reasons to keep keepin'
on
Got to make the best of a bad situation
Ever since the day I woke up and found
out that you were gone.

Darkness all around me
Blockin' out the sun
Old friends call out to me
But I don't talk to no one
Emptiness has found me and it just
won't let me go
I go right on living, but why, I just don't
know.

I've really got to use my imagination
To think of good reasons to keep keepin'
on
Got to make the best of a bad situation
Ever since the day I woke up and found
out that you were gone.

Staring down reality, don't do me no
good
'Cause our misunderstanding is too well
understood
Such a sad, sad season, when a good
love dies
Not a day goes by when I don't realize.
(Repeat chorus)

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Albert Collins

"Rock And Roll Lullaby"
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"American Pie"
"Everything I Own"
"Sweet Seasons"
"The Way Of Love"
"Son Of Shafi"



JULY, 1972

Anne Murray
Cat Stevens
Blood Sweat and Tears
Muddy Waters
Faces
Rick Grech

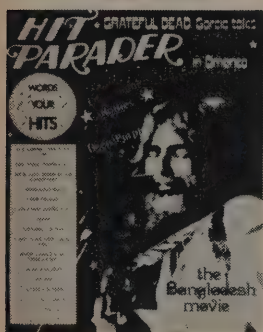
"Mother And Child Reunion"
"Tiny Dancer"
"King Heroin"
"The Day I Found Myself"
"Glory Bound"
"We Got To Have Peace"
"Rock And Roll"



AUGUST, 1972

Doors
America
Guess Who
Badfinger
Flash
Don McLean

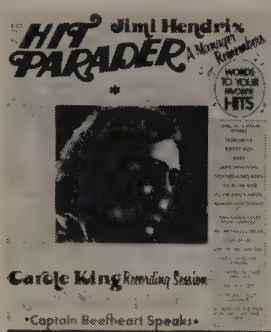
"Vincent"
"Am I Losing You"
"Oh Girl"
"Baby Blue"
"Day Dream"
"Big Man"
"Run Run Run"



SEPT, 1972

Elton John
Grateful Dead
Hollies
George Harrison
Don McLean
America

"Diary"
"Song Sung Blue"
"I Saw The Light"
"The Family Of Man"
"It's Gonna Take Some Time"
"I'll Take You There"
"Brother Brother"



OCTOBER, 1972

Carole King
Steven Seals
Chuck Berry
Alice Cooper
Jimi Hendrix
Laura Nyro

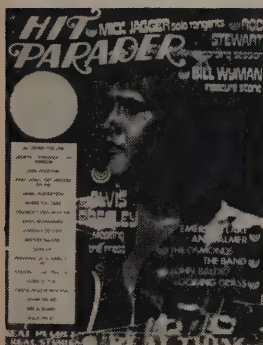
"Rocket Man"
"Long Haired Lover From Liverpool"
"Lean On Me"
"All The Kings Horses"
"Living In A House Divided"
"Tell Me This Is A Dream"
"You're The Man"



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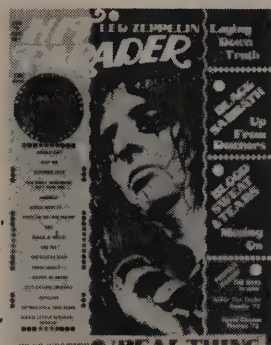
"Where Is The Love"
"Sealed With A Kiss"
"Is It You Girl"
"Coldest Days Of My Life"
"Anytime Your Cheatin' Heart"
"That Lucky Old Sun"



DEC, 1972

Elvis Presley
Rod Stewart
Mick Jagger
Looking Glass
The Osmonds
Bill Wyman

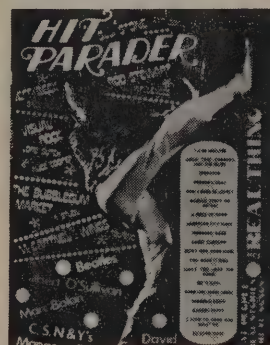
"Lookin' Thru The Window"
"Join Together"
"You Don't Mess With Jim"
"Baby Don't Get Hooked on Me"
"Close To You"
"Goodbye To Love"
"I'm Still In Love With You"



JAN, 1973

Led Zepplin
Alice Cooper
Black Sabbath
The Who
Blood, Sweat & Tears
David Clayton Thomas

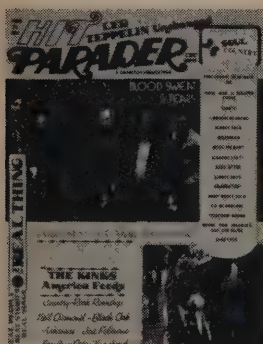
"Honky Cat"
"Burning Love"
"Play Me"
"Ben"
"Black & White"
"The Guitar Man"
"Use Me"



FEB, 1973

David Bowie
Gilbert O'Sullivan
Jeff Beck
Sly Stone
Marc Bolan
Alice Cooper

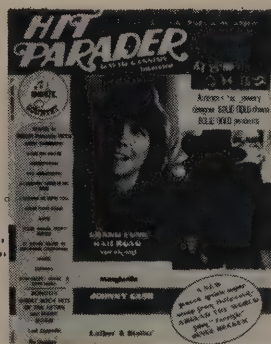
"I'll Be Around"
"Good Time Charlie's Got The Blues"
"Operator"
"Freddie's Dead"
"Garden Party"
"You Wear It Well"
"Don't Ever Be Lonely"



MAR., 1973

Led Zepplin
Roberto Flack
Van Morrison
Neil Diamond
Black Oak Arkansas
Kinks

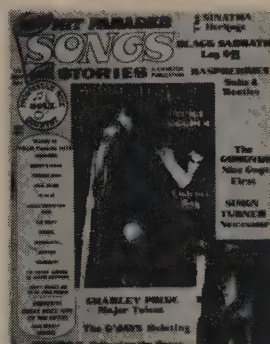
"Funny Face"
"Operator"
"You Ought To Be With Me"
"Papa Was A Rolling Stone"
"Garden Party"
"Good Time Charlie's Got The Blues"



APRIL, 1973

David Cassidy
Grand Funk Railroad
Slade
J. Lennon
Country Soul
Bill Withers

"Sweet Surrender"
"Walk On Water"
"It Never Rains In Southern California"
"Superfly"
"Your Mama Don't Dance"
"Superstition"
"I Wanna Be With You"



MAY, 1973

Alice Cooper
Black Sabbath
Raspberries
O'Jays
Donovan
Curtis Mayfield

"Daddy's Home"
"Rocky Mountain High"
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"Hi Hi Hi"
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NEW RIDERS of the PURPLE SAGE

By Daniel Goldberg

"People used to think of us as a toy band"



Buddy Cage, steel guitar player for the New Riders and Marmaduke the singer were having a disagreement. "Those are a pretty weird bunch of folks," said Cage, "the people who would come to see us but *wouldn't* come to see the Dead." Marmaduke shook his head and refused to agree. "I don't know. There are some folks who just like the countryish thing and don't like the Dead's spaceout thing so much." Cage nodded. It was the most minor of disagreements. The New Riders were in a good mood. Their new album "The Adventures Of Panama Red," had sold 180,000 in a couple of months, better than their last two albums and equal to the first.

The next night they were going to break the all-time gross receipts record at the New York Academy Of Music, and they knew it. And perhaps most important, they were well on their way toward finishing their next album, a live album recorded on a sixteen track tape machine that was following them around the country on this tour — they would be one step ahead of their obligations to the record company when the tour was over — a most comfortable feeling all told.

Yet in the midst of all the mellowness the riddle of the New Riders still linger even among themselves. Do they really exist as their own entity? Commercially the answer is a definitive yes. Artistically the answer is yes, but the definition is only now becoming clear.

Being the opening band for the Grateful Dead for two years was unquestionably a blessing that any band would be thankful for. Yet, like the son of a famous man, a perennial opening band for superstars inevitably undergoes an image identity crisis. In the case of the

New Riders, this crisis was not too serious when they branched out on their own because, after all, it was Marmaduke who influenced Jerry Garcia to learn to play steel guitar. But music is one thing and rock and roll is another and the New Riders, no dummies, know it.

"People used to think of us as that toy band that goes on before the Dead," laughs Cage, "it really used to be funny when we would play with them because we're all about the same height so when we were on nobody would notice how tall we were and then the Dead would come on — each of whom is at least five or six inches taller and they would just look like these giants." Guitarist Dave Nelson added smiling, "Kids would see us backstage and say, 'Oh, you're *those* guys, those little New Riders.'"

"The Rolling Stones tried to do a country and western song with 'Honky Tonk Woman,' and 'Dead Flowers,'" says Marmaduke, "but we've got a much more country and western sound basically than that because we're into it all the time. In the first place my concept was the best hits of country and western and blugrass singing. But we keep a very strong rock and roll beat to what we do."

Cage believes the New Riders "have a different ideology than Nashville country. We aren't that staid unchanging thing. We're always searching for new sounds and structural ways of growing. Sometimes I'll come up with something that I can't use now and six months later, I'll figure out a way to put it into a new song. West coast country music has taken country and expanded on it."

It was in the late sixties when Dead moved to Marin County, and Marmaduke and Nelson lived in Whiskey

Gulch, Palo Alto. It was Dead lyricist Bob Hunter who brought Jerry Garcia to hear Marmaduke play and the rest was history. The name New Riders of the Purple Sage comes from a science fiction story and Nelson says the name is numerologically compatible with the name New Delhi River Band which Nelson had belonged to before.

Originally Garcia played steel and Phil Lesh, bass; the Riders have always had five members whatever the fluid personnel changes. Cage came to them from Toronto, and Dave Torbert, the current bassist was a beach bum on Oahu's northern shore. He too had been in the New Delhi River Band and returned to the west coast at the right time to become one of the New Riders. Spencer Dryden the New Riders drummer had, of course, been the original drummer for the Jefferson Airplane.

All of the songs on the first New Riders album were written by Marmaduke who at the time seemed headed for personal stardom. Rather intentionally he has receded and remained one member of a band. "I don't like the responsibility that comes with being something more than I'm ready for. What we do is to be a band and it takes all five of us to make it work, and I'm just trying to do well — I'm not trying to be a superstar or anything like that. Even that business of signing autographs - writing my name down on a piece of paper — I'll do it when people ask me — but it seems very silly.

"I like to rave and talk and carry on — but what I have to say is not that cosmically far out. We're just playing music that's entertaining. We're trying to make people feel good." As for the songs, Marmaduke points out that "the first album had a lot of songs of mine that had been

around for awhile — a lifetime worth of songs. But I'm not that prolific a scribbler of tunes. I like to sit back and sing a song for awhile after I've written it rather than hurry to write another one. On the "Panama Red," album, I wrote two songs — one of them angry ("One Too Many Stories") and one of them happy ("You Should Have Seen Me Runnin'") and that's enough for that album." Nelson, Dryden, and Torbert all contributed songs to the album as well, as did Robert Hunter.

Although the New Riders aren't as blatantly "cosmic" as the Dead are, their west coast vibes make them susceptible to peculiar reactions from their audience. Their fan mail is not Exactly typical of the normal country music band. "We got a nine page letter from this guy who nobody in the band knows and was writing like he knows us for years.

He started out with 'well I just got into town today,' and kept on like that with all kinds of symbolic cosmic stuff mixed in," laughs Nelson, "and then there was another one that was almost illegible that said 'watched it last night but I'm writing this in the dark and I'm stoned too — love.' But they still don't get the intense kind of mail that the Dead get.

"Lesh got one the other day that's got to be the new new journalism filled with all sorts of double and quadruple word meanings and cross references. He brought it over to our office for interpretation." Another fan asked for complete itinerary information so he could go to every concert and he failed to leave an address — just his own personal logo as if he expected the information telepathically. Most of the time, however, says the down to earth Marmaduke, fan mail consists of requests for photos or copies of bad reviews.

The New Riders recorded all of their most recent American tour on a 16 track machine and their next album, due out this Spring will be a live album from those efforts. They are trying to include as much pure live stuff as possible without vocal overdubs. They are currently in the studio working on yet another album with the goal of "keeping a couple of steps ahead of our obligations to the record company."

Marmaduke, unlike the rest of the members of the band, loves to watch television news, an aspect of his personality that has never been revealed in his lyrics. "In San Francisco, the three network news shows are broadcast one after the other so if you're a real news freak like me, you can watch it for an hour and a half and then you can see the NET news for another half hour.

News freaks are rare birds, but I'm one of them." Other television is less interesting to the group although they all share a love for Mason Reese, the seven year old boy in many commercials whose face looks like that of an old man.

The New Riders live in Marin County and their office is in San Rafael, just a few blocks from the street where the film "American Graffiti" was filmed. "We ride up and down that street every day," says Marmaduke of the hustling, cruising avenue — "that's something you have to be able to do if you're a NewRider — you can't survive any other way."

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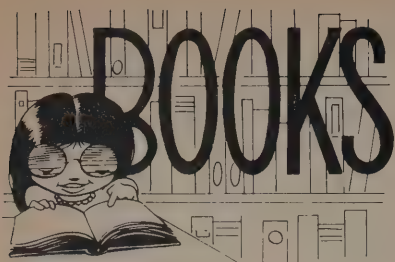
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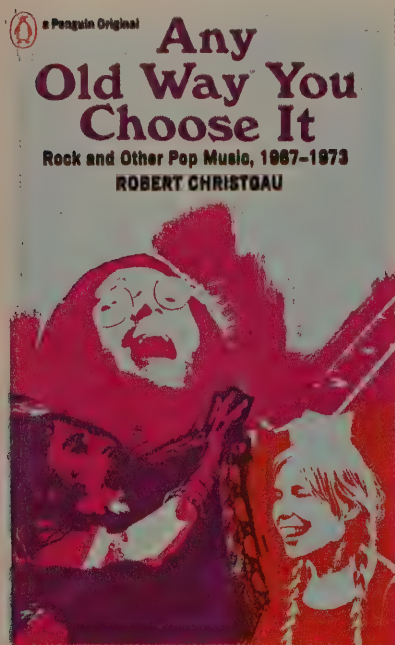


## ANY OLD WAY YOU CHOOSE IT: ROCK AND OTHER POP MUSIC, 1967-1973

By Robert Christgau  
(Penguin)

Robert Christgau's "Any Old Way You Choose It: Rock and Other Pop Music, 1967-1973" (Penguin, \$2.50) is just that: a collection of reviews, over-views and analyses of the rock scene from then til now. Christgau's approach is interesting — he's managed to keep the same tone whether writing for a publication as chic as "Esquire," as avant-garde as "The Village Voice" (was when he was there), or as legitimate as the Long Island, N.Y. daily newspaper, "Newsday." The writing is almost always straight-forward, frequently witty, and unfailingly controversial: he didn't like Hendrix at Berkeley? But, writing on topics like the Beatles, Grand Funk, Alice, Elvis and the Stones, Christgau is topnotch. As for the future, he champions both the N.Y. Dolls and Bette Midler, so he can't be all wrong. The best from one of the best.

Dave Marsh



## ROCK SUPERSTARS

By Richard Robinson  
(Pyramid Books T3259)

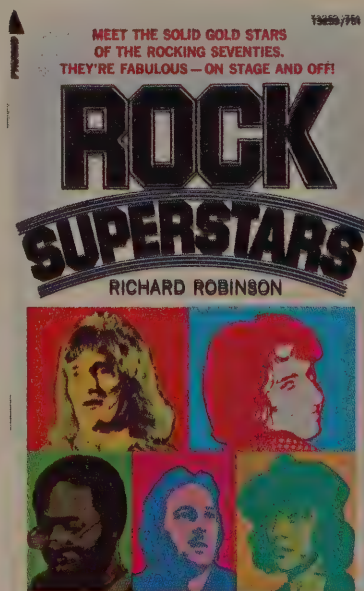
Richard Robinson once again proves

he is the master of the yearly one-shot. Another of his long string of paperback books that instantly capture (and, at times, discard) what's happenin' in the world of hot trash and pop flash. This one has to do with the real Superstars of rock and roll: David Bowie, Stevie Wonder, Harry Nilsson, Jeff Beck, Elton John, Diana Ross, Joe Cocker, Rod Stewart, Bette Midler, and "many many more" according to the back cover.

All written in Richard's easily digested press release style. He admits that his lifelong ambition is to have a computer write his books. Even without a computer, this one zips along at a steady star-watching pace. If you want to go behind the scenes with the stars, find out what it's like to rock and roll with Alice Cooper in Paris, David Bowie in London, Lou Reed in New York ... get this book and continue to support Richard's travels.

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John Lemon



## THE ART OF WALT DISNEY

By Christopher Finch  
(Harry N. Abrams Publishing)

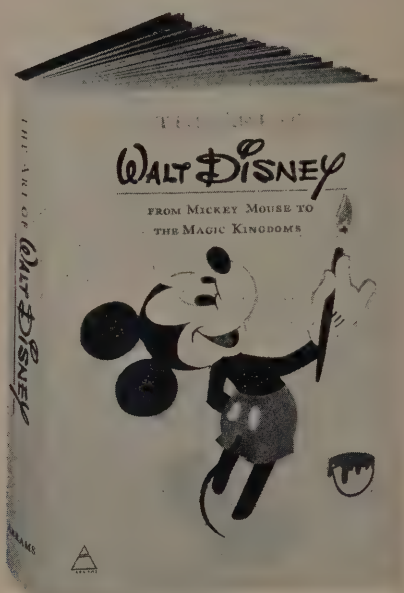
At last, the big book on Walt Disney. Chock full of all those wonderful Disney copyrights: Donald Duck, Mickey Mouse, the Seven Dwarfs, Pinocchio, Goofy, Pluto, Huey, Duey and Louie. This expensive (\$45), big (458 pages), lavishly illustrated (hundreds of sketches, full-color foldouts, stills) book is an appreciation of Walt Disney that will be the standard text for Disney fanatics in the years to come. Actually, it's much more than a book. It's a monument to the world that Disney created and then inhabited with his own special people.

If you want to find out how the Disney operation works — how it continues on even after the death of Disney himself — then you'll enjoy this book immensely. There's only one thing you have to keep in

mind. That everyone's vision of Mickey Mouse is different from every other. Each of us generates our own fantasies, each of us has our favorite Disney character, favorite Disney film, favorite Disney period. You may not find your sense of growing up with Disney exactly mirrored in this book. But you will find Disney here and more than enough to keep you happy for hours on end as you leaf through the pages, stopping to enjoy an illustration, find information on how the art of those working at the Disney studios generates the fantasies we see on TV and in the theater.

"The Art of Walt Disney" is a veritable encyclopedia of the mythic world of Mickey Mouse that is our culture. If you can find the \$45 to buy it, or you can get some outside financing, you should get this big, wonderful book.

Richard Robinson



## THE FESTIVAL SONGBOOK

Photographs by David Gahr  
Text by Paul Nelson and Tony Glover  
(Amsco Music Publishing Company)

The rock and roll masses and the musicians who play for them are the focus of "The Festival Songbook". Beginning with the Newport Folk Festivals of the early and mid-Sixties, the book traces the development of festival consciousness through to the combined hey-day, swan song of Woodstock. The text by Paul Nelson and Tony Glover is a reminiscence of the festival as it first began: an innocent event untainted by the film crews from the networks buzzing overhead in their helicopters. While Nelson and Glover are entertaining and informative in giving us a taste of the festival when artist and audience stood shoulder to shoulder, the real emphasis of the book can be found in the brilliant photographs by David Gahr. There are almost a hundred pages of astounding

(continued on next page)



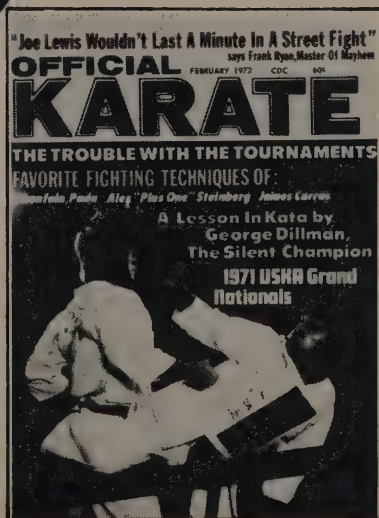
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candid Gahr has taken over the years. He takes us to the Newport Folk Festivals to show us Joan Baez, Joni Mitchell, Leonard Cohen, Dylan, and the rest of the cast captured as they were. The book progresses to the mass events of the later Sixties. Slowly the musicians begin to recede in Gahr's pictures and the audience takes its rightful place as the real show. "The Festival Songbook" is a glimpse of those times, presented with the excellent precision of Gahr's camera work.

As a bonus the last sixty odd pages of the book are devoted to the songs of the

festivals. Donovan's "Catch The Wind" and "Colours", Otis Redding's "I've Been Loving You Too Long", the Airplane's "Somebody To Love" and "White Rabbit." The list of artists represented includes Dylan, James Taylor, Kris Kristofferson, Wood Guthrie, and a half dozen others. This section, complete with words, melodies, and guitar chords, is fun, although it is not really the song of the book. That can be found in David Gahr's photographs.

Richard Robinson



Dave Gahr

Herbert Wise

# THE WHO Play Britain- At Last..



Photos by Neal Preston



The publicity men were not happy, not at all. The Who's opening night of their first British tour in three years had, by all accounts, been pretty dire and now here were all these journalists speeding, courtesy of British Rail, to the Midlands to catch the second night at Wolverhampton.

No matter what vitriol might be rattled out on typewriters the following morning, it was too late to call a halt so, putting a brave face on it, they pleaded with us not to expect too much since the band was bound to be a little rusty after so long a lay-off weren't they? But, they added with more hope than confidence, things were coming together as well as could be expected.

In the event, their gloom was totally unwarranted. Admittedly there were sound problems, but the band played beautifully, the fans went bananas and the Press contingent emerged from the concert hall beaming appreciatively.

The programme was well-balanced - three oldies, five-eighths or thereabouts of "Quadrophenia", a string of more oldies and a couple numbers from "Tommy", in all nearly two hours' worth.

Everyone remarked on how well they looked. Roger Daltrey, like Peter Pan, never seems to age at all; Pete Townshend, all in white with close-cropped hair and beard, looked like some gangling existentialist philosopher; Keith Moon was in better shape than he's looked for ages and John Entwistle as ever.

They arrived onstage all smiles. Moon charged up and down in front of the proscenium a couple of times before being banished to his drumkit where he remained on his best behaviour all evening; John took up his position on the left and never strayed from it until it was all over.

Hors d'oeuvres before the main course of "Quadrophenia" were *I Can't Explain*, *Summertime Blues* and *My Generation*. The sound certainly wasn't all it might be, the main problem being that you couldn't hear the words - not that anyone minded too much at this stage since they knew them all backwards anyway.

Already the front rows of the audience were on their feet, which was unfortunate for those at the back since the seats in Wolverhampton's Civic aren't raked, and the band seemed to be enjoying themselves as much as their fans, Daltrey bopping purposefully, Moony grinning from ear to ear and Pete punctuating the music with balletic grands jetes across the stage.

Then Roger announced that they were going to do just some of "Quadrophenia", apologizing in advance for any errors since they'd only performed it live for the first time the previous night. "Yes, and it was horrible," shouted Pete.

As the opening roar of waves was heard, an impression of clouds over a still sea was projected on to the wall behind the stage, which contributed pleasingly to the mood of the music.

While obviously a pot-pourri of a work which tells a story can never be ideal, the excerpts they chose to play were the right ones. The highlights were Daltrey's poignant singing of *The Real Me*, *5.15*, *Drowned* and the stunning finale *Love Reign O'er Me*. Of course, everyone was waiting for Keith to sing *Bell Boy*, but when he did it was disappointing since his microphone was underamplified.

The audience listened respectfully to Townshend's new work and the applause at the end was deafening. Then everyone suddenly thought that the whole band must be drunk since we got *My Generation* all over again - or at least two-thirds of it - as part of a short medley.

Then came the two "Tommy" songs - *Pinball Wizard*, which was rather ragged, and *See Me Feel Me*, which was just fabulous, building slowly to a monumental climax. Roger's singing on this was unbelievable. There, with the spots swooping over the audience, it should have ended, because after that anything had to be an anti-climax. But more was demanded and given.

Curiously enough the encore was *Magic Bus*, a strange choice since it's scarcely one of their stronger offerings. Many of us had been waiting all evening in vain for *I'm Free*, but then you can't have everything.

In the dressing room afterwards Roger was complaining that there are no events in rock anymore. It's clear that The Who are back to set that to rights.

By Ray Fox-Cumming



# ROCK RECORDING

By Peter Townshend

Neal Preston

"I think the thing is really what makes fidelity really a difficult thing is the fact that the actual poorness of the recording sound is a kind of trade-mark with us. The roughness of the recording has got to do with the roughness of the music. And it was very hard, when we were laying down tracks for 'Quadrophenia' to get plenty of balls into the sound and still have it sound clean.

"We've been conscious of the fact that the roughness of the tracks is ... contributed, you know. If you get hold of one of those early Beatles albums which they released in stereo with vocals out of one side and tracks on the left or something you can see how terrible the sounds were, what they would actually put up with...

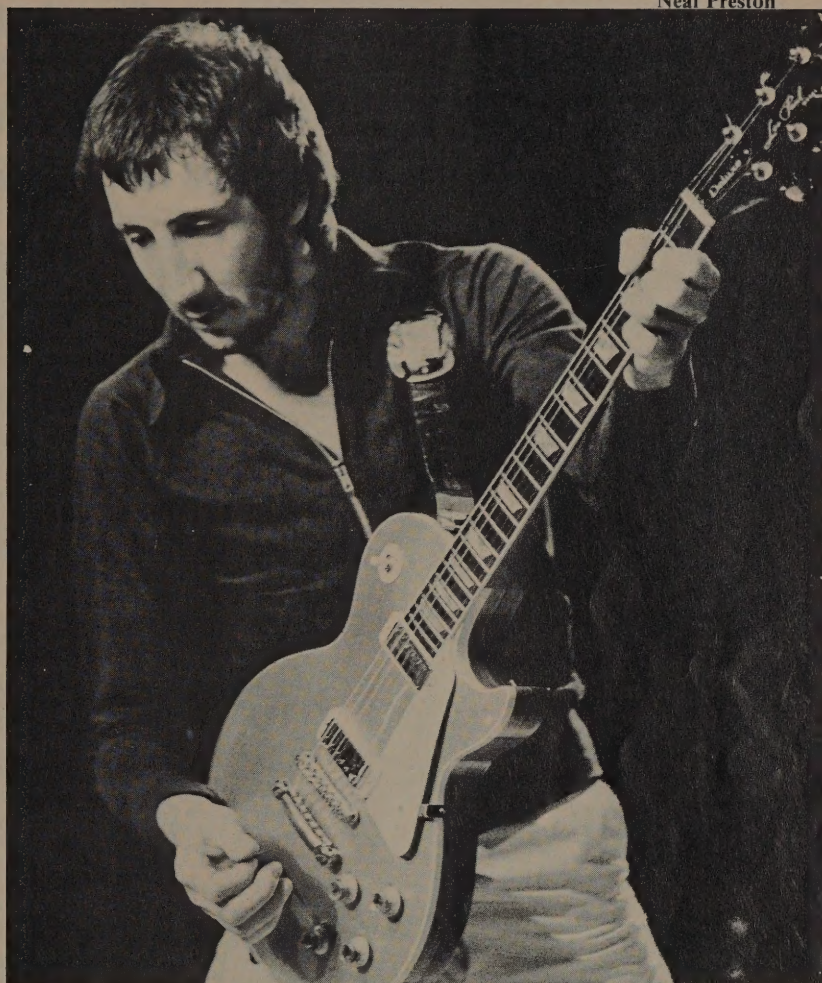
"... You see, the whole conception of 'Quadrophenia' was geared to quadraphonic, but in a creative sort of way. I mean I wanted themes to sort of emerge from corners. So you start to get the sense of the fourness being literally speaker for speaker. And also in the rock parts the musical thing would sort of jell together up to the thunder clap, then everything would turn slowly from quad into mono and you'd have this solid sort of rock mono ... then a thunder clap and back out again.

I mean I'd conceived it in that way. When we came to mix it we spent months mixing it and then found out that MCA was using the CBS quad system and ... you might as well forget it. So our engineer remixed it in the same manner that it was mixed in stereo, the same sort of creative approach. We're going to do a completely new album, practically. Cause so much of the album is actually in the mixing, the blending and everything."

So there will be a quad album? "Yeah. For a while we'll see our records as two editions, one in stereo, the other in quad ... one in a stereo mix, one in a quad mix. That has to be the way it has to be because stereo at the moment is so much more mature and advanced than quad is. Everyday they make an improvement in the quad set-up; you know everyday I get a piece of mail through from CBS telling me that they've got another dB of separation from front to back and that, you know, if we buy the new modified encoder-decoder we'll get better results.

"And then the next week there's another modification you can buy for another forty thousand dollars which gives you another dB separation front to back and a positioning encoder which puts all your sixteen tracks at various points — guaranteed positional separation and that's an extra forty thousand dollars! It's a load of ...

"Record companies can't make the



same mistake again that they did with singles and albums, I mean they just can't, they've got to compromise. Because for somebody ... for us doing the mixes it's tragic. We just can't spend that much time mixing albums. Do you know what they say to bands? The record companies? They say, 'Well, you send over your sixteen track tapes and we'll mix it.' And the Doobie Brothers did that I think.

"They gave their tapes to somebody and some punk engineer at their label mixed it and it was 'orrible. They wanted our sixteen track tapes. We were going to send them over just as a joke. They would practically fill this room, the tapes. In my studio in the country where we were mixing we had a workshop stacked to the ceiling with tape.

"I do quite a lot of editing. Not necessarily to tracks, more to overdub things. Like doing dubbing with synchronized mastering machines — sixteen track machines — and dubbing over better

overdubs from copy tapes. Say you've got a sixteen track backing track, you make — say, six copies of it. It gives you the opportunity to do dozens and dozens and dozens of vocal overdubs. Then you sync up the machines and bounce the best vocal overdub back onto the master machine in sync with the track.

Or, if you want the highest fidelity on the vocal just use the safety copy. That's one thing ... Sometimes recording gets like a job. We do it in fairly normal hours. We start at about ten thirty, eleven ... The most job-like approach to the making of 'Quadrophenia' is that we insisted on having our own studio. We built it specifically for the album.

There's a strong chance we'll never record there again because it's always booked! And we can't get time. There just aren't any studios in London, there are only about ten. Everybody in the world wants to record there." (Quotes by Peter Townshend taken from an interview with Richard Robinson.)



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